

HIGH ADVENTURE

A ROYAL RANGERS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS/WINTER 1986

LEADERS EDITION



HIGH ADVENTURE

WINTER

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COVER PHOTO:

"Hi! Ranger"
the hot air balloon at
the 1986 Camporama.
By Ernie Lawrence

THE DEVIL'S RUN

by John P. Casey

Cory shivered against the cold winter afternoon as a chilling breeze caught the chair lift. The dazzling white snow reflected in his green eyes as he stared intently down at the rugged mountain face. His square jaw was firmly set and his freckled face showed no emotion, a trick he had mastered well.

Below was the Devil's Run, a treacherous narrow ski chute through rocks and trees especially designed for the daredevil. Cory considered himself a daredevil once, but now that run held terror. Each rock and tree trunk brought to mind the knee-splitting agony of last winter's fall.

His leg had healed, but inside, the wound was still raw and the memory of excruciating pain was too fresh. Would he ever dare a run like that again?

"Hey, Cory," called Bucky, one of his two friends in the chair behind. Bucky, the oldest of the three, was a tall thin joker with wavy blonde hair. His other less amiable companion was Jim, one of the more arrogant breed of eighth graders.

"Yeah?" Cory strained his neck to look back at the two.

"Let's save the Devil's Run for later and head up to the top before the weather gets nasty," Bucky said.

Cory gave an eager nod and shot a last glance down at the disappearing chute below. "Safe, for now," he thought.

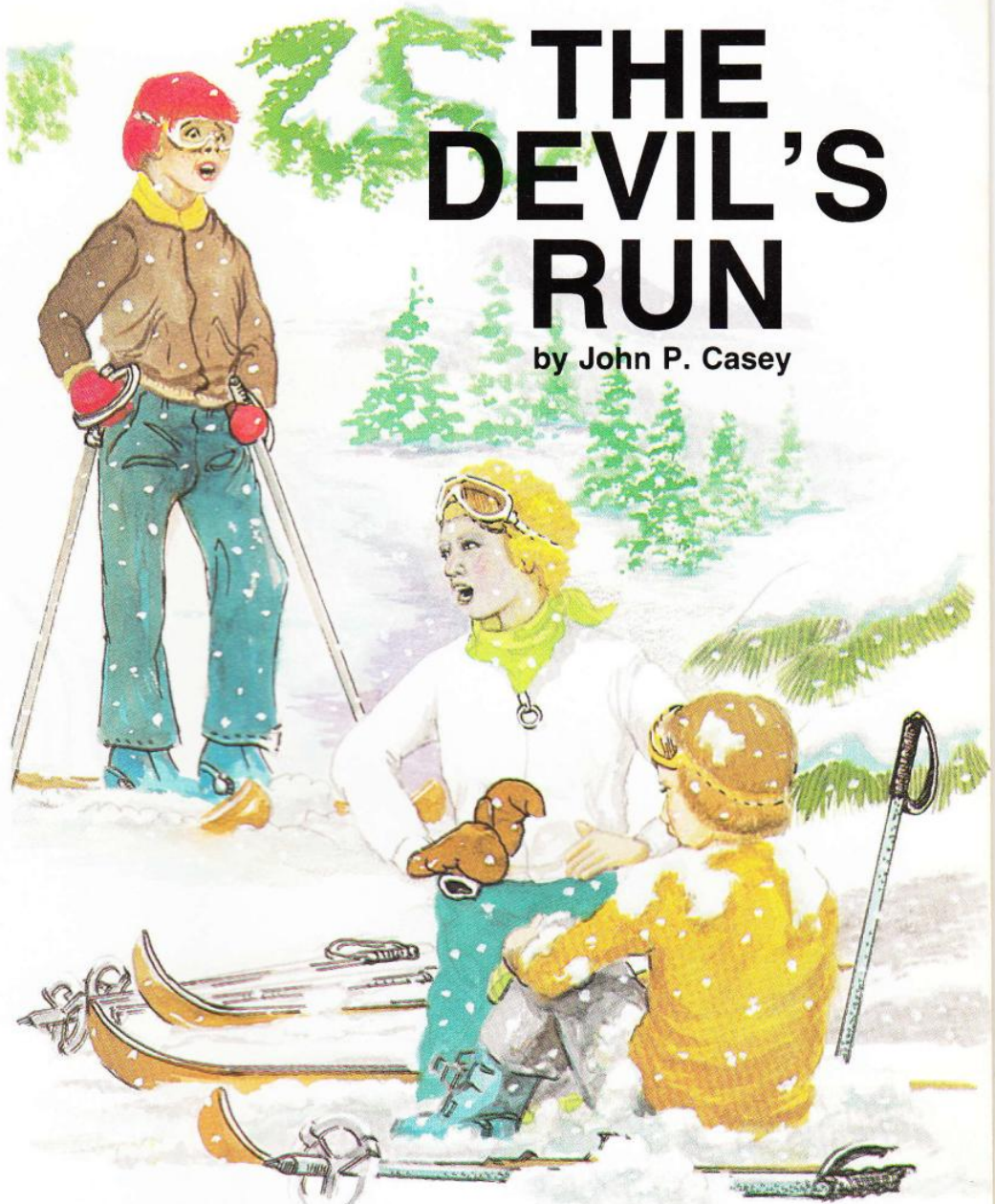
Before their first run, Cory checked his bindings and caught Jim frowning impatiently. Jim sported an athletic build and his red face was steaming under a mop of coarse brown hair.

"How many times are you gonna check those things, Cory?" he asked. "You're paranoid or something, man. Just because you fell last winter doesn't mean you have to check everything ten times!"

"Whatever." Cory tried to shrug it off but felt himself blush. Paranoid, was that it?

"Come on, you guys," Bucky interrupted, "quit arguing and let's get going. It's getting a tad windy."

Cory was a good skier, better than either of his friends, and he soon forgot about the Devil's Run as he skied the upper slopes with easy grace. He was jerked back to the problem later when the three stopped for a breather.



"Cory, I didn't know you had a twin!" Jim pointed at a falling novice and broke into a raucous laughter that infected Bucky until he laughed too.

Cory laughed shortly, but Jim gave him a sidelong measuring look that made him wince inside. Biting his lower lip, Cory looked down slope towards the Devil's Run. He had to avoid that run without openly backing down.

An injury, that was the answer! He could fake a twisted ankle and then ride the lift down.

"Hey, you two," Bucky was still laughing, "let's go ski the backside of the top."

"Good idea," Cory agreed anxiously.

The backside was deserted. Crisp pine-scented gusts of wind chilled them to their bones and monstrous dark clouds threatened a vicious turn in the weather.

"Maybe we'd best be heading down now." Jim raised his voice over the wind. "It's getting dark, look."

The three watched as the snow lost its blinding brightness and the trees came to eerie life, leaning and swaying their evergreen branches. The gloom had swallowed the mountain whole. Cory would have to feign his injury soon.

"Cory," Bucky said, "come on; Jim's right. We'll go around Boot Leg Pass and down the Devil's Run from there." He started off, leaving no chance for rebuttal.

It was a winding trail, and Bucky kept far enough ahead that he was out of their sight for brief intervals. It was during one of these intervals that Cory heard him scream. Cory and Jim darted between two pines to find a snow-covered Bucky holding his knee and moaning.



"Bucky! What happened?" Jim rarely sounded concerned and Cory found his sincerity almost warming.

"It's my knee. It's twisted."

"Can you ski?" Cory was concerned too, yet this might be his way out of the Devil's Run. He flashed on that thought but then felt guilty for trying to take advantage of his friend's misfortune.

"No way," Bucky said through clenched teeth.

"We've got to get help fast," Jim shouted over the howling wind. "The weather's gettin' tough, too tough to take any run down."

Then, as if his words had commanded it, a wicked icy wind kicked snow up over the peak that loomed above them. The nippy gusts became deathly cold blasts of frigid air that hurled snow into their faces unmercifully.

"What do we do?" Jim yelled over the furious wind. "We can't stay here; he'll freeze to death!"

"O . . . one of y . . . you has to t . . . take the D . . . Devil's Run." Bucky was so cold he stammered.

"In this weather?" Jim was incredulous.

Then they both looked at Cory. His stomach knotted up so hard that he

couldn't answer their questioning stares.

"You're the best skier, Cory," Jim said. "You go and I'll stay here with Bucky."

Great, Cory thought, Jim never admitted the truth until it got him out of something. He started to protest, but what could he say? He was the obvious choice. He'd either risk a fall on the Devil's Run or they'd freeze where they were.

Cory closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. Jim was right, but he doubted himself, and that was no way to go down the Devil's Run. He opened his eyes and looked down at Bucky. He was wet and shivering and the twisted knee swelled.

"Wait here," he ordered flatly. "I'll be back."

If he felt cold and sick heading around Boot Leg Pass, Cory felt much worse when he turned to go down the Devil's Run.

Branches swaying in the cruel storm slapped his face as he raced down the tortuous narrow path. He gained incredible speed until he bounced along on the frozen surface out of control.

Then came the fall. A rock or branch—he never knew which—ripped his right leg out from under him, and

Cory ended up in a pile of poles, skis, and aching bones.

Ouch! This ankle injury was for real. He had that initial desire to give up, but something inside pulled at him. He could take Jim's ridicule, but no one was laughing now.

"Help me, Jesus," Cory whispered as he pulled himself back onto his feet.

He snapped his skis back on and brushed the white indignity from his jacket. Then, more determined than ever before in his life, he started down.

Cory concentrated on only himself and the Devil's Run. Fear and pain were gone; he was one with the mountain again. Not even the powerful fury of the raging storm could stop him. He flew between rocks and trees with one thought: get help fast.

A week later they all sat in Bucky's room.

"You must have made record time down the Devil's Run, Cory," Bucky said. He was sitting on his bed with his injured leg propped up. Jim sat looking over a new album. "Still don't know how you did it," Bucky continued, "getting down the run that fast in a storm with a sprained ankle."

"It was never better, man. I had the time of my life!" Cory said, meaning every word.

THE FLEDGLING

by Hal Borden

It was all over for him now. Word had reached the troops that the war had ended and they were victorious. Some had left for home already, but even though Abel Beecham was anxious to get back to his farm, his wife and small son, he wanted to stay in the area and hear the great general address the troops.

Right now he sat within hearing distance of headquarters. Just sat staring, wrapped in a mood that was somehow out of character for a soldier who fought victoriously. The concern he felt for his future seemed to seep through his being and bathe him in a strange sort of doubt. And though he was impatient inside he was willing to wait.

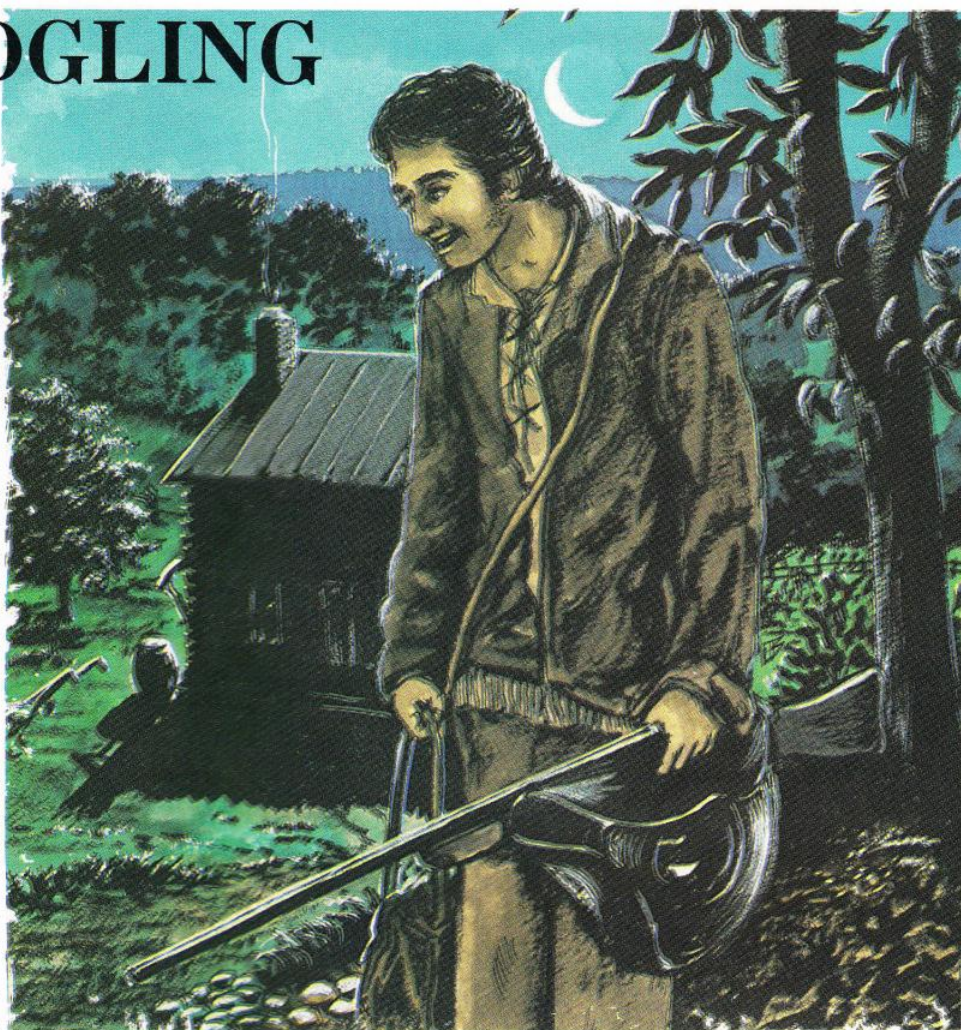
He was a strange man of twenty-three, tall and sparse. The skimpy rations and the long, weary months of fighting had pared his frame down to where it was devoid of any reserve flesh. What remained was muscular and sinewy. Nevertheless his uniform was ill-fitting and seemed to hang on him like loose flapping canvas.

Secretly he was ashamed at the concern he felt over the future, for it gnawed constantly at his heart. And though he never asked, he sometimes wondered whether others felt the same way.

That's why he had wanted to stay and hear the address to the troops, the final one, by General Washington. Perhaps the words would give him the buoy to his confidence that was sorely needed. He wanted to be certain to hear every word for there might come some tiny thread of assurance to a not-too-well-educated dirt farmer like himself. So he listened.

"... Who has before seen a disciplined army formed at once from such raw materials? Who, that was not a witness, could imagine that the most violent local prejudices would cease so soon, and that men who came from the different parts of the continent, strongly disposed, by the habits of education, to despise and quarrel with each other, would instantly become but one patriotic bank of brothers..."

It seemed like such a long journey home, due perhaps to the anxiety attached to the meaning of "home." What of those who hadn't agreed with the revolution's cause? How would they



accept his return? Had, as General Washington told the last of his soldiers, "local prejudices ceased?"

The November dusk was cold and snow threatened as he neared the outskirts of his village and with a mitted hand waved a silent thanks to the driver who could take him no further. He would have to walk the remainder of the way home even though the calves of his legs were aching and he could do with a hot meal.

It grew dark early and as he walked steadily over the frozen ruts of the mountain road he had time to think, to sum up the experiences of the past three militant years. He knew deep within him that he was fortunate to be going home at all, for there were many who would remain forever where they had fallen in battle. But even yet he wondered, "What is to come for me? Is the freedom we won worthy of the price paid?" It was the echo of the general's words that seemed to supply the answer. "... or who, that was not on the spot, can trace the steps by which such a wonderful revolution has been effected..."

It would be spring before he would

be able to work his land and the tight fist of winter was barely upon him. He tried to shake the all-engulfing narcotic of gloom and fear by thinking of pleasanter things. His wife, his son.

Then, in the gray light cast by the thin crescent of the moon, he could make out the outline of his home. It stood alone, back from the road, squarelike and vague in the poor light. Behind it lay the land, white-tipped in the grip of frost, barren and showing the effects of the three plantings it had missed. But he knew that inside his wife Kathleen and son Durius must be sleeping in the downstairs winter bedroom. His heartbeat quickened with anticipation that made him hurry all the more despite his leaden limbs.

When he stood on the familiar granite door rock and tapped softly on the heavy pine door its very solidarity seemed to please him like the symbol of protection it afforded. He knocked again, louder this time, and heard the soft stirring inside the house, then the question, fearful yet expectant, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Abel," he spoke through the door. Then he said his name again,

THE FLEDGLING

(continued)

louder this time, almost a shout.

When he saw Kathleen in the doorway his heart quickened and before he closed the door against the night air he had her in his arms and was kissing her.

"Darling, you're home," was all she could seem to say over and over but to Abel it was enough.

He glanced around the room remembering everything and surprised at its familiarity after three years. Somehow it all seemed too fragile to be near after the ruggedness of army life.

They spoke of small things, inconsequential almost, as they faced one another across the kitchen table. Then he rose and walked into the bedroom. He rolled back the covers carefully and looked down at Durius.

"Big," he said.

She came and stood beside him and spoke in her soft way.

"You must be tired, Abel."

He knew from the sound of her words her that his weariness must be apparent though he had fought to hide all signs of fatigue.

She had turned to clear the table. "It's nearly dawn," she said, "I'll stay up."

"The land," he started to say. Then he stopped as she raised her hand to quiet him.

"Later," she said. "We'll talk about the land tomorrow after you've slept."

He pulled off his boots and watched as she peeled back the thick comforter of the bed. "Still warm," she said smiling.

Lying on his side he reached out and slowly brought his son closer to him. More warmth crept into his body and the soft breathing brushed his cheek.

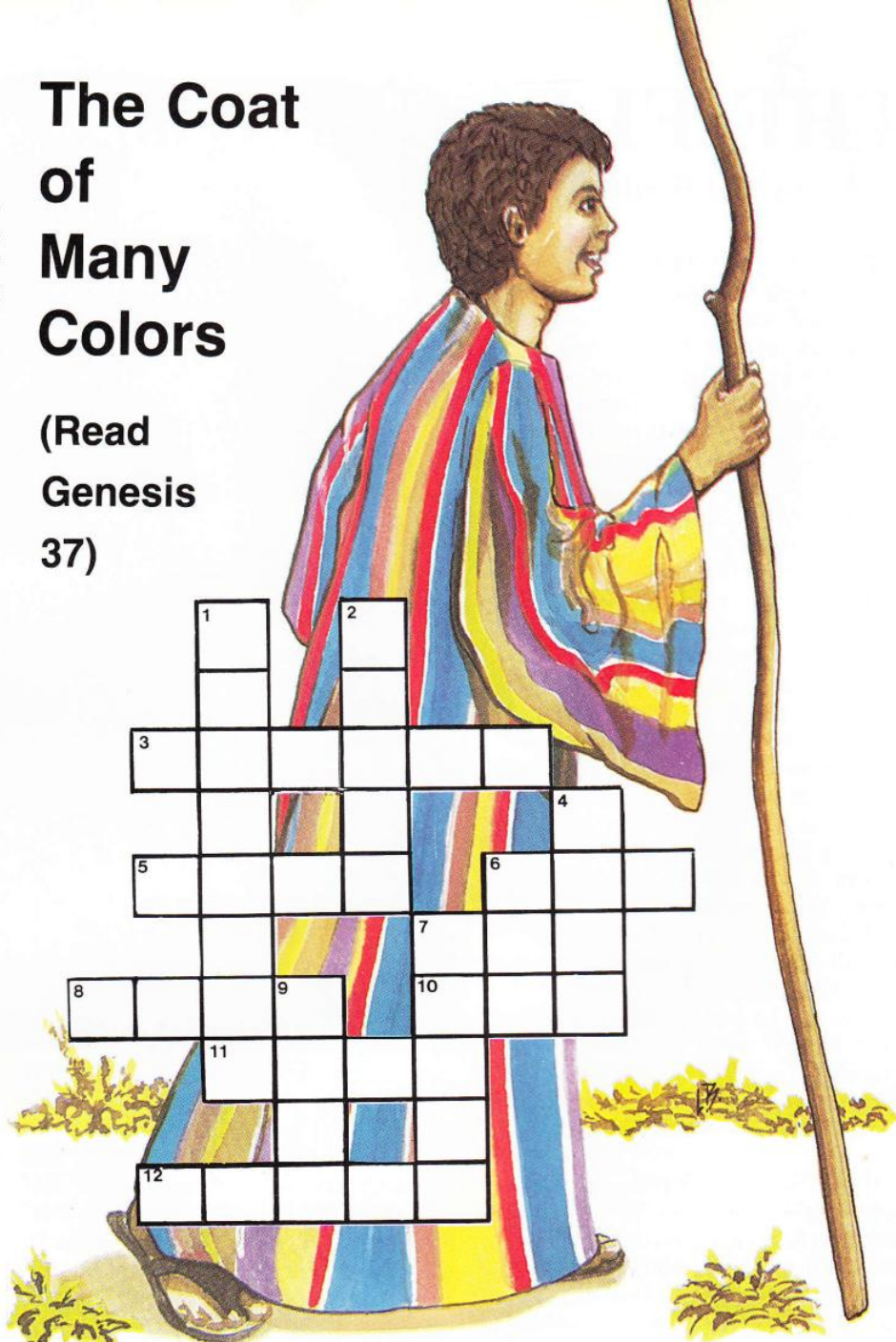
"Tomorrow we'll plan," he said and the words were low but meaningful.

Sleep began to close over him like a cloak and the moon splashed its glow across the wide-boarded floor, lighting the surroundings in bas-relief. It was the silhouette he had seen so many times in his mind during the past three years.

He knew now that spring had a way of always coming and it was foolish for a man to have thoughts of doubt about the future. It wouldn't be easy but with a family and the land there was no reason why that future would not be one of hope and brightness just like he'd heard General Washington say.

The Coat of Many Colors

(Read
Genesis
37)



Across:

- 3—Jacob gave _____ a coat of many colors.
- 5—Sailing vessel.
- 6—Joseph's brothers threw him into a _____.
- 7—Piece of material to wipe shoes on.
- 8—Reuben did not let the other brothers _____ Joseph.
- 10—Chewed and swallowed.
- 11—Joseph's brothers _____ him as a slave.
- 12—Joseph's brothers were angry when he told about his _____.

Down:

- Joseph's _____ were jealous of him.
- 2—They took the _____ to Dothan for pasture.
- 4—To nip.
- 6—A light blow.
- 7—Polite term of address for a lady.
- 9—Joseph's brothers _____ off his coat.

(Solution on page 15)

From Bible Crosswords. Courtesy of Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Used by Permission.

ROYAL RANGER OF THE YEAR



Ralph Allen

Royal Ranger of the Year Ken Richards, left, with runner up, Robert Nixon.

Ken J. Richards of Cincinnati, Ohio, was named National Royal Ranger of the Year on July 23 in ceremonies at the Royal Ranger National Camporama at the National Royal Rangers Training Center near Eagle Rock, Missouri. Ken represented the Great Lakes Region in competition with representatives of the other 7 regions in the United States.

Ken is 16 years old. In the fall he will enter his junior year at Northwest Cincinnati High School where he has maintained a 4.0 grade point average. He is involved in student government, the concert and marching bands. He has earned awards in athletics, prose, videotape production, Latin, computer operation, and geometry. He graduated *Magna cum Laude* from Pleasant Run Junior High School and was elected a member of the National Junior Honor Society.

Ken's father, Ken E. Richards, is senior commander of Royal Rangers Outpost 70 at First Christian Assembly of God. Ken has one older and one younger sister.

At the church Ken is involved in youth leadership, the youth choir and the Bible Quiz team. His Royal Rangers awards include the Gold Medal of Achievement, Gold and

Silver Buffalo Awards, and the God and Country Award. He holds both the Trail Ranger Trailmaster and Frontiersman Camping Fraternity Buckskin ratings. His goals are to attend Evangel College and the U.S. Air Force Academy and become a pilot and/or Chaplain.

By winning the Royal Ranger of the Year competition, Ken qualifies for a \$1,000 scholarship. A \$500 scholarship will go to First Runner-up Robert A. Nixon of Carrizo Springs, Texas, who represented the South Central Region. Bobby is the son of Robert L. Nixon, who owns and operates a welding service. The family is active in First Assembly of God, Devine, Texas.

Other regional representatives in the national competition were Darrin Kennedy of Spokane, Washington, Stephen Wiltout of Normallville, Pennsylvania, Kevin Bushnell of Omaha, Nebraska, Thad Beeler of Joplin, Missouri, Robert Colbert of Panama City, Florida, and Candido Gamez of Realto, California.

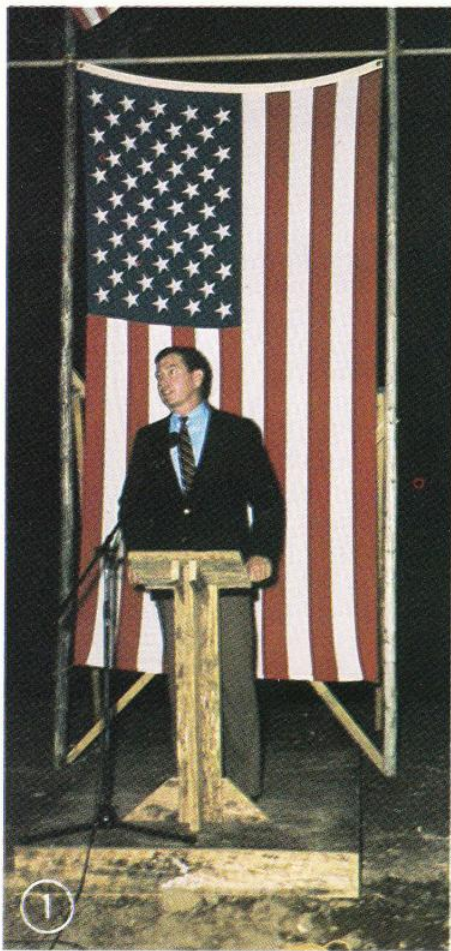
The candidates were evaluated based on their personal achievements, Royal Rangers activities, individual testimonies, letters from school and community leaders, and personal interviews.

The 2 days of competition included written tests, and practical demonstration of lifesaving skills. Following the evaluations all the boys attended the Camporama. They also attended a performance of the Passion Play in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

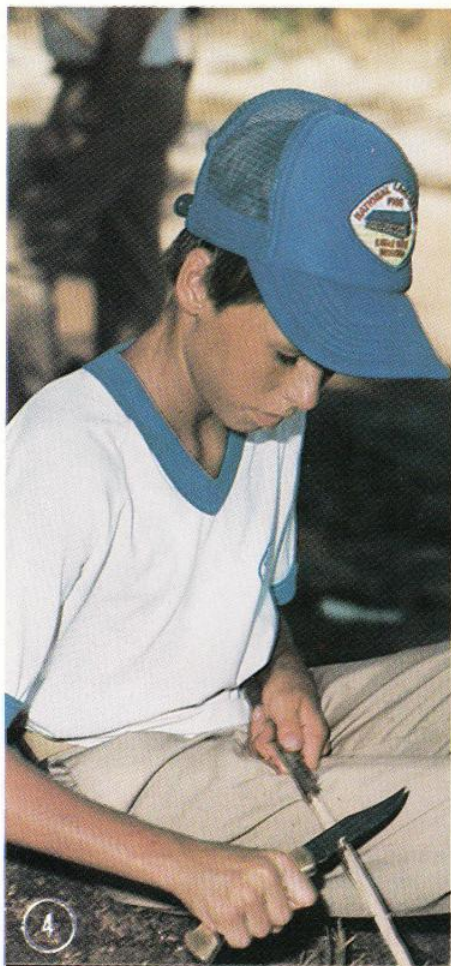


Ralph Allen

Regional Royal Ranger of the Year contestants are (front row, left to right) Thad Beeler, Robert Nixon, Stephen Wiltout, Candido Gamez, (back row, left to right) Darrin Kennedy, Ken Richards, Robert Colbert, Kevin Bushnell.



Ralph Allen



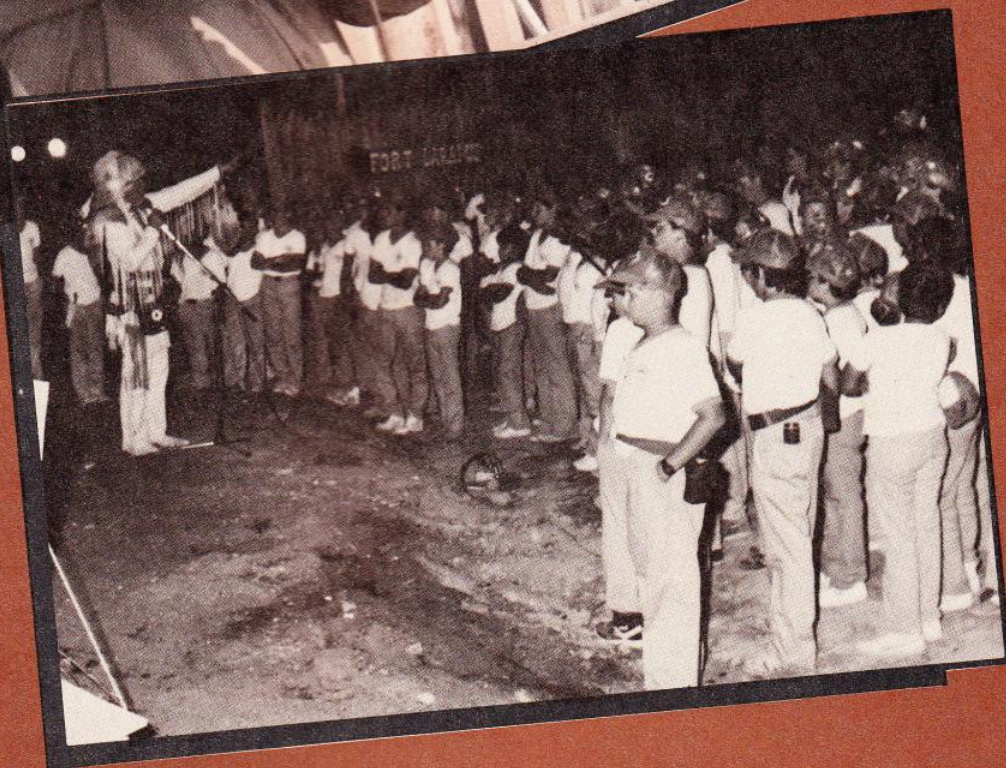
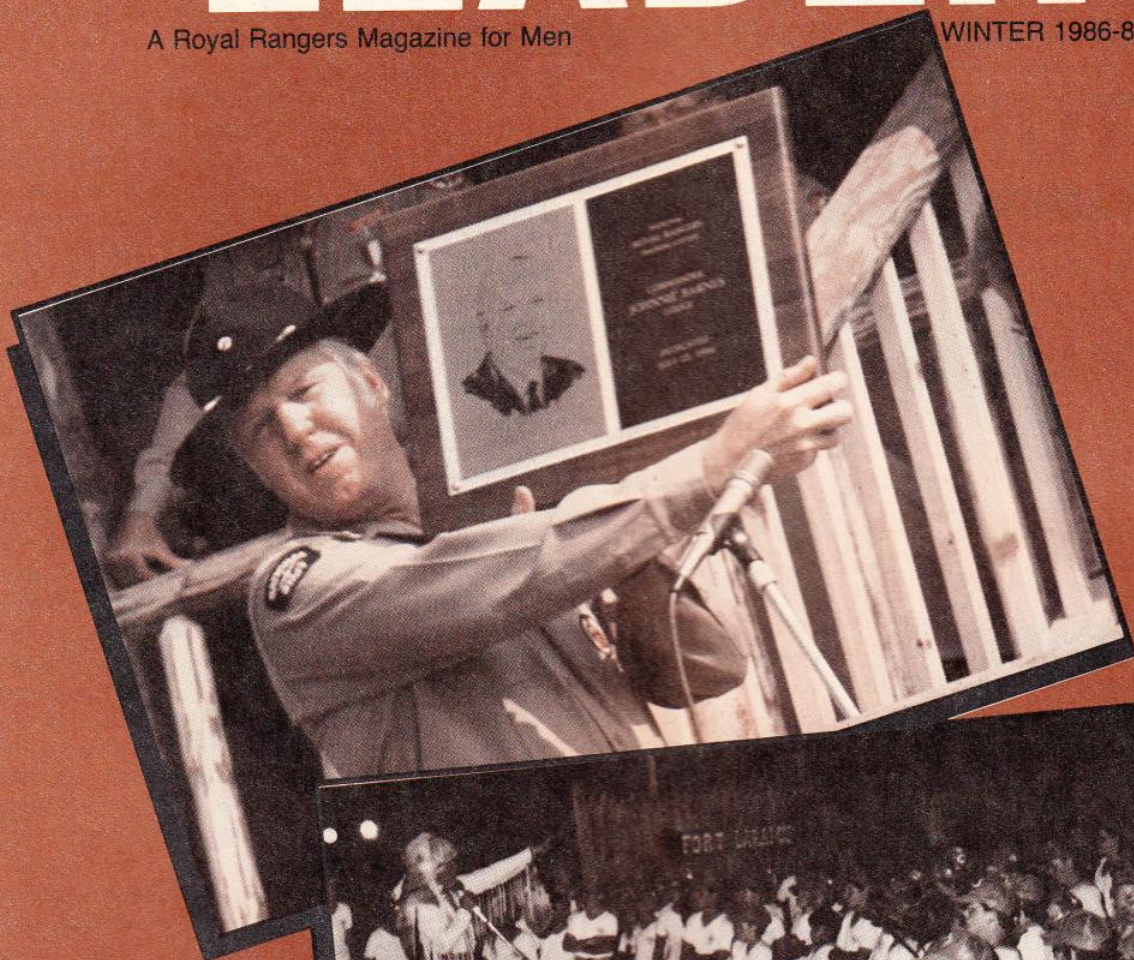
James P. Allen



HIGH ADVENTURE LEADER

A Royal Rangers Magazine for Men

WINTER 1986-87



**3,000
BOYS AND
LEADERS
ATTEND 1986 CAMPORAMA**

HIGH ADVENTURE LEADER

WINTER 1986-87

NATIONAL COMMANDER'S COMMENTS

Welcome to the first issue of *High Adventure Leader*.

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This new stitch-in supplement to our magazine for boys will provide you with the same kind of leadership helps that were contained in *Dispatch* magazine, which has been discontinued. Incorporating all the information into this special leadership volume will result in significant production and postage cost savings for the national office. Your cost doesn't change though. You still get it free as part of the chartering fee paid by your outpost.

If you would like to remove the Leader portion for filing, or to see the full center spread photo feature on camporama, simply loosen the 2 outer staples and pull the sections apart.

Ernie Lawrence, who is Publications Editor in the Men's Ministries Department, is the new managing editor for both sections of the magazine. He is using new equipment in the Gospel Publishing House plant that speeds up the copy-setting process. This will allow news items and activities schedules to be more current when you read them.

Other minor changes in production scheduling, art, format, and content are planned to make the magazine even more useful to you as a Royal Rangers leader. Our only reason for printing a magazine like this is to provide a tool to help you lead boys more effectively.

Please let us know how well we are doing our job. We welcome suggestions, constructive criticism, and even gripes and complaints. They tell us exactly what you need to help you reach, teach, and keep boys for Christ.

— Johnnie Barnes

Cover Photos:

"Dedication Plaque"

by Ralph Allen

"Altar Call"

by James P. Allen

HOUSE IN THE WILDERNESS

by John Eller

An outstanding feature of the 1986 Royal Rangers National Camporama was the dedication of the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge. This imposing structure looks out over the developing landscape of the new National Royal Rangers Training Center at Eagle Rock, Missouri, and gives you the feeling that at last, the Royal Rangers ministry has a permanent home.

The dedication of this massive log structure occurred on July 23, 1986, and was the beginning moments of the 25th Anniversary celebration of Royal Rangers which continues until the 1987 General Council in Oklahoma City.

Activities of the day began with some 3,000 Royal Rangers and their leaders marching by district in review. They assembled under a gigantic hot air balloon, and paraded four-abreast in front of the lodge.

Our founder and National Commander, Johnnie Barnes, stood tall and erect as visible evidence of his dream passed before him, saluted, and came to attention before the flag poles. Johnnie seemed to have sense of humility mixed with understandable pride as ceremonies to dedicate the lodge in his honor began.

Dedication began with Ellis Stutzman, National President of the Royal Rangers Council, giving the invocation, followed by a reading of Psalm 24 by John Eller, National Aide-de-Camp.

The historical perspective for the occasion was given by Paul Stanek, National Training & Promotional Coordinator, who gave a thorough background for the occasion, noting the

phenomenal progress of Royal Rangers worldwide from such small beginnings.

Speaker for the occasion was the Rev. Joseph R. Flower, General Secretary of the Assemblies of God, and long-time friend of Royal Rangers. Brother Flower was instrumental in the development of this ministry in the New York District, where he previously served as District Superintendent.

Brother Flower recounted the story of how the Pentecostal message emerged early in the 20th century, and has grown to its present outreach around the world. A second generation Pentecostal himself, whose father, Rev. J. Roswell Flower served as the first General Secretary, Brother Flower reminded those present that God is a Spirit.

Brother Flower went on to say we should not focus upon the building as the most important, but rather on the presence of God. He encouraged those present to view the lodge and its surroundings as a place where men and boys meet God and are introduced to the marvels of nature.

In recognizing Johnnie Barnes, Brother Flower said it was both fitting and proper that we do this. He said that Johnnie was "God's instrument" in giving birth and development to this ministry, and referred to the founder as "Mr. Royal Rangers." The audience responded with a round of sustained applause.

Brother Flower said the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge would be the nerve center and heart of the National Royal Rangers Training Center, to be utilized for the glory of God and building of His kingdom on earth.

Rev. Silas Gaither, National Director of Church Ministries, led in the act of dedication. Brother Gaither remarked that 25 years of men and boys touch-

ing God had brought us to this historic moment. He said it was the blessing of God that had brought us together on this, our own grounds.

Brother Gaither then presented a large permanent plaque to Johnnie to commemorate the occasion. This plaque, he said, would be on continuous display in the lodge to remind all who enter of our great love and esteem for the founder of Royal Rangers.

Assisting in the act of dedication was Dave Wharton, Gulf Regional Coordinator and First Vice-President of the National Royal Rangers Council, and Ed White, Southeast Regional Coordinator and Second Vice-President of the council.

Responding to the occasion, Johnnie told the men and boys he had a full heart.

"What we have done today is a victory! It has been hard-fought. Sometimes I felt like Nehemiah, that you should take your swords with you as you worked. God surely has some high and lofty ministry for what has been done here," he said.

Johnnie then challenged those present to share in completing the total project for the glory of God. He closed by saying, "Thank you for sharing in this dream."

The occasion was made complete by the recognition of Mrs. Juanita Barnes, and the singing of Johnnie's favorite song, "The Impossible Dream," by Scott Watson, *Revivaltime* soloist.

Benediction was given by Fred Deaver, National President of the Frontiersmen Camping Fraternity. Numerous presentations followed the dedication with displays and artifacts to be on permanent display in the lodge.

And so, we dedicated a house in the wilderness in the honor of Johnnie Barnes and for the purpose of the expansion of the work of God.

ULTRALIGHT CAMPING GEAR

By Richard Thomas Edwards

If you are like most people who enjoy things like bikepacking, backpacking, canoe camping, and anything else that deals with the great outdoors, you know how miserable the adventure can be using standard gear. Right?

Well, grab yourself a cup of coffee, sit down, and read on. Because what you are about to read about will change the way you view your camping gear and the outdoor lifestyle.

The subject is ultralight camping gear. Stuff that will weigh half the weight of conventional camping gear and increase the chances of your survival under adverse conditions.

The Overall Picture

The reason ultralight camping gear is so light is because high technology materials have been used to make the equipment. Very light rods like aluminum and fiberglass are used to support tents and make the framework that goes into the geodesic and trapezoid designs.

But what is perhaps the most important innovation is the laminated fabric skin that actually breathes. A product called Gore-Tex is laminated to nylon weighing all of 1/2 ounce per square yard. When you have this combination working for you, you will find the product will allow your body vapors to seep through the microscopic pores. And, at the same time, these microscopic pores are too small for rain water to seep through.

Almost all conventional camping gear has been made ultralight. If you were to put your conventional gear up on a scale against the same ultralight gear, you will see a difference in weight from 15 to 20 pounds.

Don't know about you, but I would much rather carry around 15 pounds worth of gear instead of 30 pounds. And this equates to more than just increased survival and a lighter load. It means that you will be able to travel farther, feel less tired in the process and have a better attitude towards the outdoor adventure.

Some Examples

What I want to do now is to show you some of the fine examples of ultralight camping gear and how some of this stuff works to increase your survival chances.

Let's look at tents first. How much does your tent weigh? Eight to 16 pounds?

A traditional A-frame nylon tent, complete with fly and poles, will weigh between 6 and 7 pounds. On the other hand, a new ultralight tent like the Sierra Design's Flashlight II and the North Face June Bug will weigh 3 pounds, 9 ounces and 4 pounds, 4 ounces respectively.

You just lost around 4 pounds and we're only getting started. Now, comes rain gear. Do just the words get you depressed? Until now when you started getting rained on, you had two choices. Either put the rain suit on and take a sauna or leave it off and get just about as wet.

Not any more. Enter the world of the Gore-Tex rain suit. Because it breathes, those body vapors don't get trapped and you don't get wet. It is also light.

The ultralight rain suit, top and bottom, weighs all of 13 ounces and is just as strong as that conventional rain suit you've been carrying around weighing 3 to 4 pounds. That's 7 to 8 pounds lost so far.

The other heavy weight is your sleeping bag. I think my old Army/Navy surplus one weighed somewhere around 20 pounds.

I didn't mind carrying that thing around. It kept me plenty warm at night. If I got it wet, it was not only useless, but it wound up weighing about 35 pounds. And I had a time trying to dry it out. Sound familiar?

Ultralight sleeping bags, made with goose down and Gore-Tex weigh from about a pound to 3 pounds. That's about 13 to 20 pounds worth of a reduction. So far, that's 20 to 28 pounds lost.

But aside from the weight, when you

get this kind of sleeping bag wet, just put it out in the fresh air and the outer surfaces will dry off within minutes. The inside, unless submerged in water, won't get wet at all.

Remember those days when scratchy thermal underwear was the only thing around that would keep you warm? It wasn't fun to wear, nor were long johns very light.

To further complicate things, if you got thermal underwear wet it was useless. All of these bad traits have been eliminated through the use of a woven fiber known as polypropylene.

This is the same fiber material used in making rope that is water resistant. It is made into rope that holds those large ships in place down at the docks.

When woven into cloth, it has the same characteristics as the Gore-Tex. It allows body vapors to seep through while blocking out water. Yes, it will get wet in the sense that water can get trapped between the fibers. But take it off and allow it to lie out in the sun, and within minutes, it will be dried out.

As for weight, instead of the long johns weighing all of 2 to 3 pounds, they weigh a mere 9 ounces.

Remember, too, those days when you had to walk around with lead weights tied to your feet. Well, they might not have weighed quite as much as lead, but they weren't light.

Sometimes the oldies weighed from 5 to 6 pounds and those were the light ones. The theory was that if you wanted protection, you had to wear a pair of heavy boots to get it.

Today, thanks to ultralight technology, those boots have lost weight and have maintained the protection integrity of the old style boot:

It is not uncommon to find boots that weigh from 2 to 3 pounds. Some have incorporated the Vietnam style jungle boots in the respect that the surfaces which are not supportive have webbing. That means that if you get them wet, they dry out quickly.

Now all of this is all well and good,

but food and cooking equipment are a lot of the weight in your backpack. Conventional foods and cooking equipment for a 4-day trek used to weigh from 17 to 30 pounds depending upon what you brought along.

Three pounds for a cooking unit? Sound about right for yours? That's about 2 pounds and an ounce too much for an ultralight cooking stove. It weighs 15 ounces. A dual burner goes for around 27 ounces.

Most or all the food you bring along with you contains water. The nutritious food doesn't weigh that much, just the water it is packed with.

Somebody got smart and decided that dehydrated and freeze-dried foods would be the best way to lighten the load.

If you are like me, just the mention of dehydrated and freeze-dried food turns you off. But I have tried some of those new offerings and, once you add water along with the usual spices, salt, and pepper, most of them taste as good as regular foods. That's because they are regular foods.

These foods come in diversified lots. You aren't simply limited to ham and eggs or sliced beef. You can find an assortment of foods to choose from.

These foods weigh ounces instead of pounds. If you use these instead of your usual foods, you will reduce your food pack weight by 15 to 25 pounds.

Now, when you combine these food reductions along with the ultralight camping gear, your total weight will run from 35 to 50 pounds, tops. That's quite a lot of weight that you don't have to carry, considering the old stuff packed you down for from 75 to 100 pounds.

Further, you will find more room in your pack for other things that you would like to bring with you. Since there is less weight, you can carry more if you want to.

Of course, you will notice that I didn't mention the price of ultralight camping. I didn't do this intentionally. But I will tell you here and now that the cost of ultralight camping gear is around \$300 to \$600. That's just about \$200 to \$500 more than conventional camping gear.

But if you put this kind of investment in the right perspective—namely lighter weight and increased chances of survival—the higher price is definitely worth the investment. In a true sense, you are paying for better protection.

When you go up against the elements, you are going to want the best protection you can buy. That's ultralight camping gear.

FIRE FROM ICE

by Bob Fox

A fire can often make the difference between life and death in Arctic conditions. We are all aware that we should carry a supply of dry matches or some other means of starting a fire when we are involved in any outdoor winter activity. However, we don't always remember to do what we know we should. A man schooled and experienced in winter survival gave me some information that could save your life.

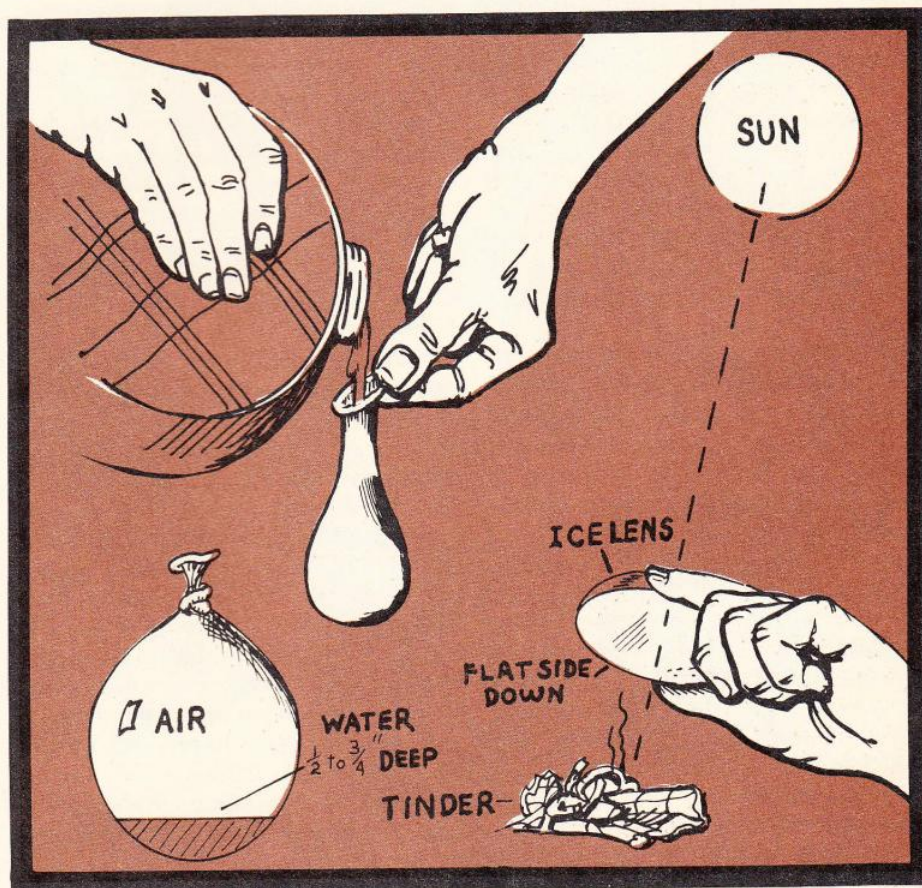
There are two ways to start a winter survival fire using only ice and some kind of tinder. A scrap of paper, a handkerchief, or a piece torn from dry cotton clothing serve well as tinder.

The hard way requires only a knife or ax and work. First, cut or chop a roughly convex piece of clear ice into the shape of a magnifying glass lens. Use the heat from your bare hand to melt and shape the surface of the ice lens. You will need to warm your hand by placing it inside your clothing against your skin several times be-

fore the ice becomes perfectly smooth.

The easy way is to plan ahead and carry a few toy balloons in your pack or pocket. Blow a balloon up a time or two to stretch it. Fill the balloon with as much water as you can pour into it. Blow the balloon up again to a 6 to 8 inch diameter so the water is $\frac{1}{2}$ - to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch deep in the center of the bottom. Hang the balloon up and wait for your ice lens to freeze.

To start the fire, place the tinder in a sheltered but sunny area. Use the ice as a magnifying glass, holding it between the sun and tinder with the flat side down. The focal point of the lens will be approximately the same distance from the lens as its diameter. Focus the sun's rays on the smallest spot of tinder possible until it ignites. Blow the tinder into flame and add fuel for your survival fire. Keep the fire small and stay close for warmth, or build it up and add green vegetation for a distress signal.



An Alaskan trapper uses his head (and feet)
to prepare for winter trapping

FANCY FOOTWORK FOR FOOD

by Leo E. Morse

I leaned on the bridge rail watching the stars on this cold September evening, halfway over the bridge from Fairbanks to Garden Island where my friend Ken Nelson lived in a modern log cabin. A husky sled dog, in a down-river kennel raised his muzzle to the moon and gave expression to his yearnings. Soon he was joined by fellow companions in the husky chorus, noted for volume rather than melody.

I wondered how Ken had fared in selling his dog team—Cheko, the lead dog and seven other sturdy huskies. Last week he'd invited me over to his home and confided he was old enough to know better than to spend another winter on a long trap line in the Alaskan wilds with only his sled dogs for companions. The thought struck me that it would be hard to give up his dogs and idle away a winter in his cabin.

Ken was a tall man, all of six feet. He had a droll sense of humor which, while not making you laugh out loud, did make you tingle with anticipation as to what might next come up. He was athletic—tuned to the outdoors and hard physical work.

He said he was in his early seventies. He looked and acted younger—by a whole lot of years. This evening I walked over to his cabin and knocked on his door. A shouted welcome to open the door and come on in answered my knock.

I opened the door to a fragrance of apples and spices all blended together with the aroma of beef stew. The blended scent was heavy in the air. It reminded me of the cookie smell when I was young and mother treated our family with fragrant, tasty cookies. And what a treat: a childhood memory which never grows old. The blended scents made your mouth water in anticipation.

"I'm back here in the kitchen," he

called. And so he was. In his shirt sleeves, pants rolled up above his knees, barefooted, walking up and down in a big round galvanized tub treading and mixing together an amazing variety of food. Some was cooked, like the three- and four-inch chunks of moose meat mixed with large onions and boiled potatoes cooling in a large copper boiler setting on a foot stool within easy reach.

A kettle of cooked graham flour and one of rolled oats was on one chair. Cans of spices, salt and pepper were all within arm's length. He had added cooked rice and was mixing in a box of seedless raisins when I came in. He was busy, foot-wise and hand-wise.

Since coming into the Alaskan territory I had run head-on into many unusual and interesting situations. And here I thought was a most unusual one.

Seeing my look of amazement, Ken smiled. "I washed my feet thoroughly before starting this project," he said. "And I have three tubs already mixed, freezing now on the back porch. This will be all I'll need for winter. My last batch."

"Well," I exclaimed, "they certainly should be clean now anyway. How do you explain just what you are up to?"

"Leo, I know this doesn't make sense to you but I've changed my mind about trapping this winter. Every evening this week my lead dog Cheko has led a song fest with an all-husky choral group. Cheko knows I usually leave about this time for winter quarters and makes sure I won't forget. He sings a challenge to the wilderness with a real melody every night about this time."

"Yes," I said, "I heard him tonight as I crossed the Chena."

"That husky music changed my mind. I just have to go one more winter."

"Well Ken if that food tastes as good as it smells it must be a super meal for a hungry man. The mingled scents are most appetizing I must say. In spite of the odd way of mixing it, it makes my mouth water."

"This makes one of the most nourishing and tasty meals I've ever found for the winter trap line," he said, "or for any extended trip where weight and nourishment are a big factor. Both man and dogs relish it." He added some washed and cored apples to the mix as he talked, all the time walking up and down, mixing the various food items together.

**The blended scent
was heavy in the
air.**

"Bring in a chair from the living room and sit while I finish this tub."

I found a chair and sat.

"I chop off a pound or so for each dog and about the same for myself. It makes a tasty meal. Bring it to a rolling boil over your camp fire and enjoy a really satisfying meal. I'll come back in the spring in A-1 condition as will my dogs. For breakfasts I'll take a slab of bacon, a sack of pancake flour and a gallon of maple syrup. A sack of salt and three large cans of coffee will carry me all the way through winter. I'll add enough fresh meat from time to time to vary the diet."

As we talked of sleds and sled dogs, traps and how to set them, trap-lines, overnight shelters and trapper's cabins in the mountains, he kept walking, up

and down, up and down, adding various ingredients and seasoning. The contents of the tub kept getting higher, halfway to his knees before he quit walking. He mixed everything in the tub with his feet. After a long cold trip over the trap line it would be delicious.

All the boxes and sacks and kettles were emptied. I brought him a big dishpan of warm water and a towel to clean up his hands and feet. We carried the tub, nearly full, out to the porch and left it to freeze under the tarp with the other three tubs. Between us the kitchen was soon shipshape. He ran a clean kitchen.

We went into the fur carpeted living room and settled ourselves before the big fireplace. Facing us before the burning logs with its massive head pointed toward a bedroom door, the pelt nearly the width of the room, was a gray Grizzly fur carpet. In back, facing the front door, two large brown bear pelts covered the rest of the living room floor.

The fire blazed up as Ken added two small logs to the fire. As the pungent cedar smell blended with the cooking aroma, a vision of dogs and fur pelts around a trapper's cabin in some remote valley in the mountains came to mind.

Ken left the room for a few moments while I contemplated the flames in the fireplace and savored the aroma in the room. Ken was back in a few moments with two steaming bowls of his trapper's treat and a pot of strong coffee.

"Are you still hungry?" Ken asked.

"Sure am," I answered.

And I was. The treat I shared with him that evening I've never duplicated. It was rich, tasty, and satisfying.

We talked for an hour. Or rather I listened to trapping adventures of former years. Getting up to leave, I thanked him for one of the most pleasant evenings in my memory.

As I left I could see Ken was happy in his decision. He wasn't ready to retire yet. Mid-seventies—why he was too young to hang up his traps.

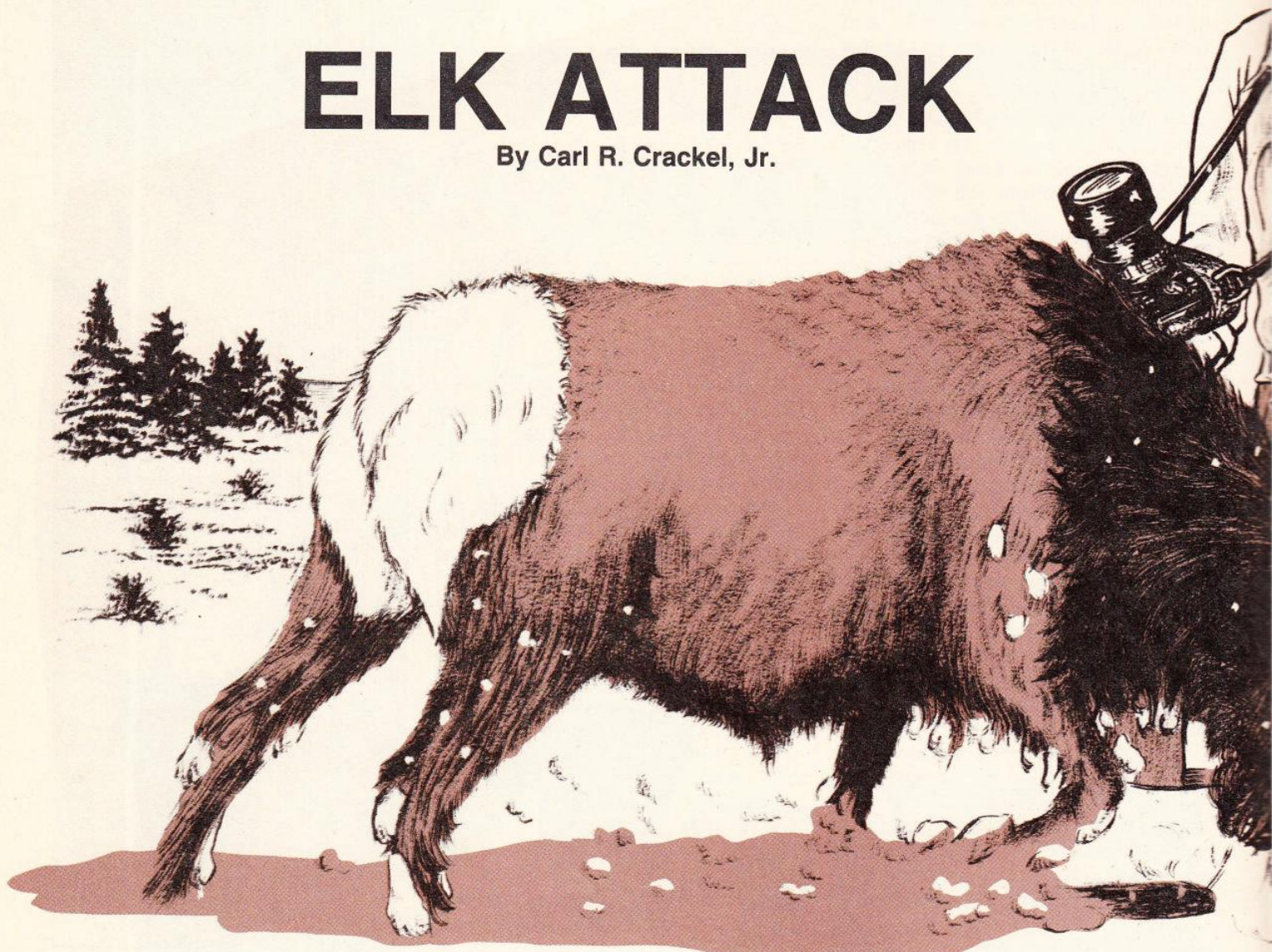
As I stepped out into the cold, a blood curdling howl from a husky sled dog in a kennel on the bank of the Chena river expressed his feelings of displeasure with living in town and his impatience to lead a team into the wilderness.

Cheko and his melody! Soon he was joined by dogs from other kennels and perhaps by a lone wolf or two. Could they smell the results of Ken's hand and foot work, anticipating a change from a straight fish diet?



ELK ATTACK

By Carl R. Crackel, Jr.



My wife, Sally, and I both had Washington's Birthday off. We wanted to make the most of the day, and do something outdoors. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining and the air had warmed up considerably, but there was still plenty of snow on the ground.

For a long time we have been wanting to photograph the elk herd in Lone Elk Park. We rose early, ate a hot breakfast, and made the thirty minute drive to the park. Lone Elk Park is a beautiful place. It is an animal refuge where deer, elk, and bison can roam free, yet still be protected.

When we first arrived at the park, we spent the first 30 minutes watching the Canadian geese, as they would circle the frozen lake in their fighter plane formation and then land. They are beautiful birds, and certainly held a captive audience as we listened to their chatter, and watched them waddle on

the frozen lake.

In the hills on the far side of the lake, we spotted a few herd of elk. We carefully crossed the lake and climbed the hill to where the elk were foraging. They are accustomed to seeing humans and were not startled by our presence, but we could tell by their curious stares, that we were duly noted. We were careful not to get too close, but with my strong telephoto lens, I was able to get some good close-up shots. We followed them for about an hour until we came to a clearing where many of them were grazing. They are beautiful, graceful animals, and I enjoy photographing and studying them.

We were about to leave when a magnificent bull elk came into sight at the edge of the brush. Unlike most of the bulls, who had already shed one or both sides of their antlers, this bull was still sporting a huge full rack. I softly

spoke to my wife, who was studying the elk through binoculars just a few feet from me, "Stand real still, and slowly look to your left." She saw him, too. We stood there hoping he would step into the clearing so I could get a good clear picture. I was watching the bull elk through the camera lens, when something caught my eye, moving quickly past me, to my right. I pulled the camera down just in time to see another bull, who had already shed one side of his antlers, trot right up to my wife. "Stand perfectly still." I told her, in hopes that he would go on by; but instead, he stopped.

He sniffed her as though he was looking for something to eat, and then he began to nudge her with his antler. He then backed up a few steps, and lowered his head, with his antler aimed right at my wife. I knew he was going to charge. "Watch out!" I yelled. We

OUTPOST COMMANDER'S AWARD

The Outpost Commander's Award is a special achievement award for Outpost Commanders who have demonstrated outstanding service. All points must be earned for service rendered during the current calendar year. NATIONAL TRAINING EVENTS MAY BE COUNTED EACH YEAR. *

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ District _____ Outpost Number _____

FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH THE NUMBER OF POINTS EARNED:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. <u>AN UP-TO-DATE CHARTERED GROUP:</u>
20 points _____ | 12. <u>WEARING PROPER UNIFORM:</u> 5 points _____ |
| 2. <u>COMPLETED LEADERSHIP TRAINING</u>
<u>COURSE I-V:</u> 20 points _____ | 13. <u>OUTPOST MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each
meeting conducted. _____ |
| 3. <u>ADVANCEMENT PARTICIPATION:</u>
25 points if at least 50% of boys
in your outpost received an ad-
vancement, and at least 4 Councils
of Achievement were conducted. _____ | 14. <u>OUTPOST USING THE PATROL METHOD</u>
<u>PROGRAM:</u> 5 points _____ |
| 4. <u>OUTPOST CAMPOUTS:</u> 2 points each. _____ | 15. <u>GOLD BAR MEETINGS:</u> 1 point each
meeting of boy/adult leadership
planning the outpost meetings and
activities. _____ |
| 5. <u>OUTPOST OUTINGS:</u> 2 points each
except for campouts. _____ | 16. <u>CURRENT RED CROSS CARD:</u>
2 points for each card. _____ |
| * 6. <u>ATTENDING A NATIONAL TRAINING</u>
<u>CAMP:</u> 5 points _____ | 17. <u>OUTPOST SERVICE PROJECT:</u>
2 points for each project. _____ |
| * 7. <u>ATTENDING OTHER NATIONAL TRAINING</u>
<u>EVENTS:</u> 5 points for each event. _____ | 18. <u>ACTIVE FCF MEMBER:</u> 2 points _____ |
| 8. <u>OUTPOST PARTICIPATION IN A</u>
<u>DISTRICT POW WOW:</u> 5 points _____ | 19. <u>LEADERSHIP MEETINGS:</u> 2 points
each for attending Area, Sectional
or District wide meetings. _____ |
| 9. <u>BOYS WON TO CHRIST:</u> 5 points each _____ | 20. <u>OUTPOST VISITATION PROGRAM:</u>
2 points for each home visited. _____ |
| 10. <u>NEW MEMBERS:</u> 2 points each _____ | |
| 11. <u>RANGER OF THE YEAR PROGRAM:</u>
5 points _____ | TOTAL POINTS _____ |

REQUIREMENTS FOR AWARD

1. The outpost must have an up-to-date charter.
2. The Commander must have completed the Leadership Training Course.
3. A minimum of 175 points are needed to qualify.

All Outpost Commanders who meet the above qualifications will be eligible to receive and wear the Outpost Commander's Award. Time period - JANUARY 1 of the current year through DECEMBER 31.

NOTE: Please complete your copy of the Outpost Commander's Award Evaluation Sheet and mail it to your District Commander, not the National Office. Your District Commander will supervise the awarding of the Outpost Commander's Award. Seven dollars should be attached to cover the cost of the medal. (Subject to change by GPH without notice.)

If all Outpost Commanders of one church earn this medal, the Senior Commander may wear an Outpost Commander's Award also.

TRAINING OPPORTUNITIES FOR ROYAL RANGERS LEADERS

Royal Rangers National Training Events are designed to give you the very best of training for all phases of the Royal Rangers ministry, with major emphasis on camping!

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to give leaders professional training in camping and leadership, plus the opportunity of outstanding fellowship and adventure in the out-of-doors. See attached application for locations and dates.



BUCKAROO/STRAIGHT ARROW TRAINING CONFERENCE is designed to give leaders training in various techniques and methods of leadership. Trainees will also receive training in various aspects of the Buckaroos and Straight Arrows ministries. Locations and dates are: Falling Waters, WV, May 28-30; Alexandria, MN, October 1-3; Clanton, AL, Oct. 15-17; and Columbus, TX, October 29-31.

NATIONAL TRAINING TRAILS allows leaders to participate in outstanding rugged outdoor activities surrounded by some of America's most beautiful scenery. Leaders will be on the trail for three exciting days, carrying all their gear and food in backpacks. Location and date: Eagle Rock, MO, October 22-25.



NATIONAL AQUATIC CAMP is designed to provide leaders with the opportunity to develop basic skills in aquatic activities, to train leaders in the techniques needed to provide a safe aquatic program for boys; plus, provide opportunity of outstanding fellowship and adventure. The camp will be held at Lake Wales, FL, May 6-9.

The WINTER NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP will give leaders professional training in winter camping, campcraft and various winter-related activities. The camp will be conducted in an appropriate winter setting. This camp is designed to inspire leaders to provide more activities for their outpost during winter months. The camp will be held at Crystal Falls, MI, February 19-22.



The ADVANCED NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP is designed to provide Royal Rangers leaders with additional training beyond that offered at NTC. It will also help to inspire leaders to greater involvement in the Royal Rangers ministry. A leader must have attended NTC before enrolling for ANTC. The locations and dates are Eagle Rock, MO, May 20-24 and Spencer, MA September 9-13.

STAFF SCHOOL is designed to give leaders opportunity for: training in camp skills, leadership development, ideas for teaching and administration, analyzing personal strengths and weaknesses--plus self-improvement tips, and seeing the program from a boy's viewpoint. Locations and dates are: Springfield, MO, March 27-28 and Phoenix, AZ, April 3-4.



For further information and applications, please contact the national office, your district commander, or your district training coordinator.



NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP



APPLICATION

NAME _____ MAILING ADDRESS _____
(Please print)
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ OUTPOST NUMBER _____
OCCUPATION _____ HOME PHONE _____ AGE _____

CAMP PREFERENCE

(Check your choice)

()	FLORIDA	Lake Wales, FL	February 5-8,	1987
()	TEXAS	Columbus, TX	March 26-29,	1987
()	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	April 30 - May 3,	1987
()	CALIFORNIA	Sonora, CA	May 14-17,	1987
()	KENTUCKY	Mt. Sterling, KY	May 21-24,	1987
()	WYOMING	Hulett, WY	May 28-31,	1987
()	HAWAII	Hawaii	July 8-11,	1987
()	NEW YORK	Marcy, NY	September 3-6,	1987
()	MISSOURI	Eagle Rock, MO	September 24-27,	1987

You must be in good health in order to participate in the strenuous activities of the training camp. Therefore, it is required that you have a physical examination. After the examination, please sign the following statement. "After consultation with my physician, I know of no physical reason that would restrict me from participating in the camp activities."

(Signature)

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, PLEASE NOTIFY:

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ PHONE _____ RELATIONSHIP _____

Any medical facts we should know: _____

Because of the limited size and the advanced cost of setting up these camps, a \$40 registration fee must accompany this application. This will be applied toward the total camp fee which will be approximately \$85. A \$10 DISCOUNT will be given at the camp for those who preregister FOUR WEEKS prior to the camp date. NOTE: CANCELLATION POLICY--Your pre-registration fee will be refundable (minus a \$10 clerical fee) if you notify the national office at least THREE WEEKS prior to the beginning of the camp. Cancellation after this date is nonrefundable.

MAIL THIS FORM TO: ROYAL RANGERS, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802
CREDIT TO ACCOUNT: 001-01-031-4001-000

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT CHECK LIST

CLOTHING

1 complete Class B Royal Rangers uniform (long sleeve khaki shirt, khaki trousers, khaki Royal Rangers belt--no dress coats or ties are worn)
Please note: No cap or hat is needed. A special beret will be issued.
(Every item except emblem, nametab and district strip should be removed from uniform)

1 Royal Rangers jacket

1 Royal Rangers sweatshirt (for colder areas only)

1 pair Army fatigue trousers or other work-type trousers for casual wear

2 Royal Rangers T-shirts

Extra uniforms or fatigues for fresh change, as desired

1 pair heavy shoes or boots for camp activities and hiking

2 pairs heavy socks (navy or black)

1 poncho or raincoat with hood

Underclothing and handkerchiefs

Pajamas

PERSONAL ITEMS

Sleeping bag

Folding camp cot

Toilet kit and mirror (no outlet for electric razor)

Towels and washcloths

Mess kit (plate, bowl, and cup)

Silverware kit (knife, fork and spoon)

Canteen

Pack and lightweight pack frame (for overnight hike)

Small lightweight tent (for overnight hike)

Ground cloth (waterproof)

Air mattress or foam pad

Flashlight with extra batteries

Personal first aid kit

Pocket knife and whetstone

Hand axe

8 inch mill file

Compass (Silva style preferred)

Waterproof match container with matches

"Adventures in Camping" handbook

"Leader's Manual"

Small Bible

Pen and pencil

OPTIONAL ITEMS

Sunburn lotion

Sunglasses

Insect repellent

Folding plastic cup

Thermal underwear (for colder areas)

Nail clippers with fingernail file

Camera

Compact sewing kit

Survival kit

Small package of facial tissues

Ditty bag to carry small items

Pillow



both grabbed for his antler, hoping to slow down his charge.

I held onto his antler with both hands, and told my wife to get behind the trees that were about thirty yards away. Once she was safe, I would only have to worry about myself. I saw that she was safe, but now, how could I get away?

I knew that my strength was no match for the elk's, and I could only hold him for a short while. Suddenly, he broke loose from my grip, backed up a few steps, and stared at me. I stared back for a few seconds, wondering what he was going to do next. I backed up five or six steps, keeping my eyes on him. He dropped his head and charged. I tried to run, but I was in knee deep snow, and knew he would quickly be upon me. I turned to face him, and braced myself for the attack. Then, as though the Holy Spirit spoke to me and told me to yell, I did. My wife told me later it sounded like I was speaking in an Indian language, but I believe it was the Holy Spirit.

It startled the elk and he stopped for

a moment, but then resumed his charge. It was enough to slow down his momentum. Now he was just a few feet from me, so I grabbed the antler again. I don't mind telling you I was scared. I could feel that antler being pressed against my abdomen, but I fought back with all my strength. I knew that if he knocked me down, he could do a lot of damage with his front hooves. The snow was slippery, but I was able to maintain my balance.

Many thoughts went through my mind during this time. I prayed for strength and help, and the Lord supplied. I thought, "A Royal Ranger is courageous," and though I was scared, I kept control, and I didn't panic. I was relieved that my wife was safe, and I knew somehow the Lord would get me away from this enraged elk. I then remembered reading an article where another photographer had deterred the charge of an elk by administering a hard punch to the elk's nose. So, I thought, if I'm going down, I'm going down fighting. I would lay one on this

elk that he would long remember.

I drew back to swing, but the elk jerked free from my hand. I shouted, "In the name of Jesus, stop!" and suddenly, the elk turned and walked away. There is power in that name, the name of Jesus!

Needless to say, my wife and I left the elk herd behind and spent the remainder of the time photographing birds and deer. We later discovered that my wife's perfume could have been what incited the bull elk, for we had been downwind of the herd, until they reached the clearing.

I now have a peace about the incident, and both my wife and I are looking forward to another day of photographing the elk herd at Lone Elk Park. But as I lay in bed that night, with the events of the day running through my mind, I thought about how wonderful it is, that I have a Savior who really loves and cares about me. God is still in control, no matter what the situation or circumstance, even over the creatures of the earth. Praise the Lord!

DON'T FORGET THE LITTLE GUYS

by Commander Mary Pittman

They have a separate program. They have a separate meeting. Sometimes the older boys count them a nuisance, especially when they are under foot. By now, Commander, you know who I am talking about. Of course, they are your Straight Arrows and Buckaroos, and if you are the senior commander, brother, they *are* yours.

We all know that the little guys have special needs. They have not yet outgrown the need to shelter behind their mothers' skirts and are not yet ready for the rough and tumble of regular outpost life. Of course they require their own program, but it is still a part of your outpost and must be integrated into the fellowship of Royal Rangers as a whole.

How can we assure that our little brothers develop a sense of belonging and commitment to Royal Rangers? How can we as leaders make sure that they are prepared for and excited about "graduating" into Pioneers? It is possible for a boy to spend two years or more in the program and be totally unprepared for pioneers, knowing nothing about the larger program.

In our outpost we have a long standing tradition of combining our opening ceremonies. This gives the whole outpost an opportunity to come together for a few minutes, and makes our little guys feel a sense of identity as Rangers. The older boys and the other commanders are not strangers to them. They are indeed a part of outpost life in general.

The Straight Arrow and Buckaroo commander is, of course, the most important link in the Ranger chain for the younger boys. The bulk of the responsibility for preparing his boys to become full-fledged Royal Rangers be-

longs to him. One of the best examples that I know of is a brother commander who regularly shares with the boys in his Buckaroo program his stories about campout adventures, powwows, and FCF functions. He also makes sure that the younger boys share in the joy and spirit of camaraderie whenever the outpost receives honor or recognition. Sometimes he'll have one of the older boys who has just received a special recognition or an advancement come in and talk briefly with the younger boys about his award. Another Royal Rangers couple I know occasionally plan a council fire evening combining both age groups and have instituted a "big buddy" program in their outpost. In this way, one on one, some of the older boys who are spiritually mature and responsible for their age actually become involved in a mentor relationship with the little guys. This also helps the older boys. It is an honor which is accorded only to those who, in the opinion of their commander, are fit examples for their younger peers.

One of the reasons this plan works so well is that the two commanders involved are married to each other. They are therefore in close and frequent communication with each other and understand the needs of each group. Commanders, you don't have to be married to each other in order to communicate. Part of every outpost plan should be regular and frequent get-togethers among all the commanders of the various age groups. This gives the different commanders an overview of the entire outpost program and an insight into each other's needs. It also provides a good frame-

work for lifting each other up in prayer.

In our church we have a fairly small outpost. There are approximately twenty boys split about equally between the two age groups, with four commanders who are just as interested in each other's ministry as they are their own. One of my most treasured moments came a few weeks ago when our Buckaroo commander brought my son to the Pioneer meeting room, and with a short speech handed him into the care of his new commander, his father. We then held a brief candlelight induction ceremony for him as we do for all our new boys. It was an important rite of passage for him, one which he promptly reported back to the other Buckaroos the following Sunday. They are all now looking forward to their own induction ceremonies, and are working harder than ever on their advancements.

There are many ways in which the solidarity of the outpost fellowship can be fostered, and we must be open to the leading of the Holy Spirit for the needs of our particular group. What works beautifully in one outpost may not be so well suited to another group. A regular exchange of ideas between commanders, taking full advantage of training opportunities, and most importantly, plenty of the oil of the Holy Spirit, will show you what works for you.

God is as interested in the littlest Straight Arrow you have as He is in the Ranger of the Year. Commander, you may just have a future Ranger of the Year sitting in your outpost right now wearing a red vest. Make sure you don't lose him. We are commanded by the Master Ranger to reach, teach, and above all to keep these boys, for Christ.

THE GIFT

by Marsh Cassady

It was cold that night in the hills above Bethlehem. Biting wind whipped through the folds of my woolen robe. My teeth chattered as I tried to hug the warmth of the smoldering fire. Wood was scarce, and I didn't dare leave the sheep.

It was my first season as a shepherd. I'd been there at various times before but always with Father. Now he was getting too old to spend his days following the sheep.

I didn't really mind too much. I felt a sense of pride in being entrusted with the responsibility of keeping the flock. Now I knew Father no longer looked upon me as a child. I was growing up, becoming a man.

I wanted to be a good shepherd as my Father had been. But sometimes I became discouraged. It was very lonesome there with only Joab and Zach to keep me company. They were both much younger than my seventeen years, and I always let them sleep while I took the night watch.

Actually, mine wasn't such a bad lot. My family was better off than many. Poor Joab and Zach had nothing. Their father was a helpless invalid, whom their mother had to wait on constantly. The meager pay Father could give the boys was all the money the family had.

But these thoughts still didn't make it less cold or remedy my need for company. Maybe, just maybe, it wouldn't hurt anything if I walked over to the next hill to talk with old John, the ancient shepherd who watched the flocks of Azor.

I always enjoyed listening to the stories he told—of the time a band of robbers tried to steal his sheep and how he fought them off with nothing but his staff; of the time the entire flock was afflicted by a strange pestilence which threatened to kill them all, or of the time he rescued the young shepherd who'd been attacked by a pack of savage beasts.

As I started walking, a light suddenly appeared making the night as bright as mid-day. I clapped my hands to my

eyes and fell to the ground.

A warm breeze brushed my face. Daring to look up, I saw the most beautiful creature ever beheld by man. He was an angel with clothes as white as the fleece of a newborn lamb. His face held a look of purest love.

He said to me: "Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And then with the angel there was a great multitude of others, singing and praising God.

As suddenly as they appeared, they were gone. I began to doubt they were ever there. Maybe I was alone too much. But what about the newborn Babe? If He was real, then I'd know. I looked about me. Shepherds on nearby knolls appeared bewildered too. Then they'd also witnessed the strange spectacle.

Quickly, I ran to Joab and Zach and shook their shoulders. "Did you hear? Did you see?" I asked.

"Leave me alone," Zach complained.

Joab opened an eye and squinted at my face. "What do you want? Is it time to get up?"

"Then you didn't hear. You didn't see. Oh, it was beautiful. An angel of God appeared to me and told me about a Savior—a Savior born tonight in a stable in Bethlehem."

Zach nudged Joab and winked. "Go back to sleep, Jeremiah. I'll take over if you can't stay awake."

Before they could change their minds I raced down the hill. It was a long way. By the time I reached the bottom I was gasping for breath.

Maybe I was being silly. Why would the Savior be born in a stable? I must be losing my mind. Where would I go anyway? What stable would hold a holy Child?

I saw a group of shepherds a short

distance ahead. Perhaps they knew where the stable was. I hurried to join them, as they turned a corner onto one of the narrow streets of Bethlehem.

The shepherds seemed to know where they were going. They continued down the street toward the stable behind the only inn in Bethlehem. Already a group of men were gathering near the door. As we approached, they began to go inside.

I crept closer to the front. The Baby lay on a bed of straw in one of the stalls. His mother lay beside Him, cuddling Him, as the father, a tall, bearded man, stood nearby, breathing on his knobby hands to make them warm.

I don't know what possessed me, but suddenly I shrugged out of my robe. Creeping forward with outstretched hand, I thrust it at the woman, who the man addressed as Mary. Her eyes filled with tears as she laid it gently over the Baby. I stood there a second more, then turned and raced outside.

What had I done? What would Mother say when she discovered my robe was gone? She'd spent hours making it. She said she wanted me to have something special to take with me to the hills. It was a beautiful, dark blue robe, woven so there were no seams. It was the warmest—and the nicest—I'd ever seen.

Now I had nothing. Nothing to keep me warm. I'd freeze up there one of these cold nights. Suddenly, I realized something. Though others around me huddled together and beat their arms against their sides, I wasn't cold at all. The warmth I was experiencing seemed to start deep inside me and spread outwards until it encompassed my entire body.

That night was the last time I ever saw my robe. Neither was I fortunate enough ever again to see the Christ, though I heard many stories of His preaching and teaching. I didn't get a large flock of sheep either, but I'm comfortable enough. Right now I'm teaching my own son to take over my duties.

A short while back I was very saddened to hear of our Savior's crucifixion—for I did come to believe He is the true Savior. But then I heard of His resurrection, and joy filled my heart.

I heard another story too. About a robe. It is said the Christ wore a robe to Calvary, and the soldiers cast lots for it. It was a magnificent garment, woven so well there were no seams.

I like to believe it was the robe I . . . but no, it couldn't be. No garment would last that long.

HELP AND HUDDLE

by Jim Meuninck

Boaters who fall overboard into cold water, 65 degrees Fahrenheit or less, can survive for surprisingly long periods of time.

Once you hit the water you have two primary concerns: One, avoid drowning until rescued; and, two, avoid hypothermia by lessening the heat-wicking action of cold water against your skin.

By wearing your life vest, of course, you may avoid drowning, but what about hypothermia? Your first judgment call is to measure the swim to safety. If you believe, beyond a doubt, that you can swim to shore, or to your drifting boat with little difficulty—then do so as quickly as possible. If, however, the distance to safety and the extreme cold of the water make it suicidal to swim, you must—until rescued—practice one of the following maneuvers to stem the loss of heat from your body.

According to Ron Stewart, M.D. (from the book *Management of Wilderness and Environmental Injuries*, Macmillan Publishing) you can cut your heat loss in half by folding your fore-

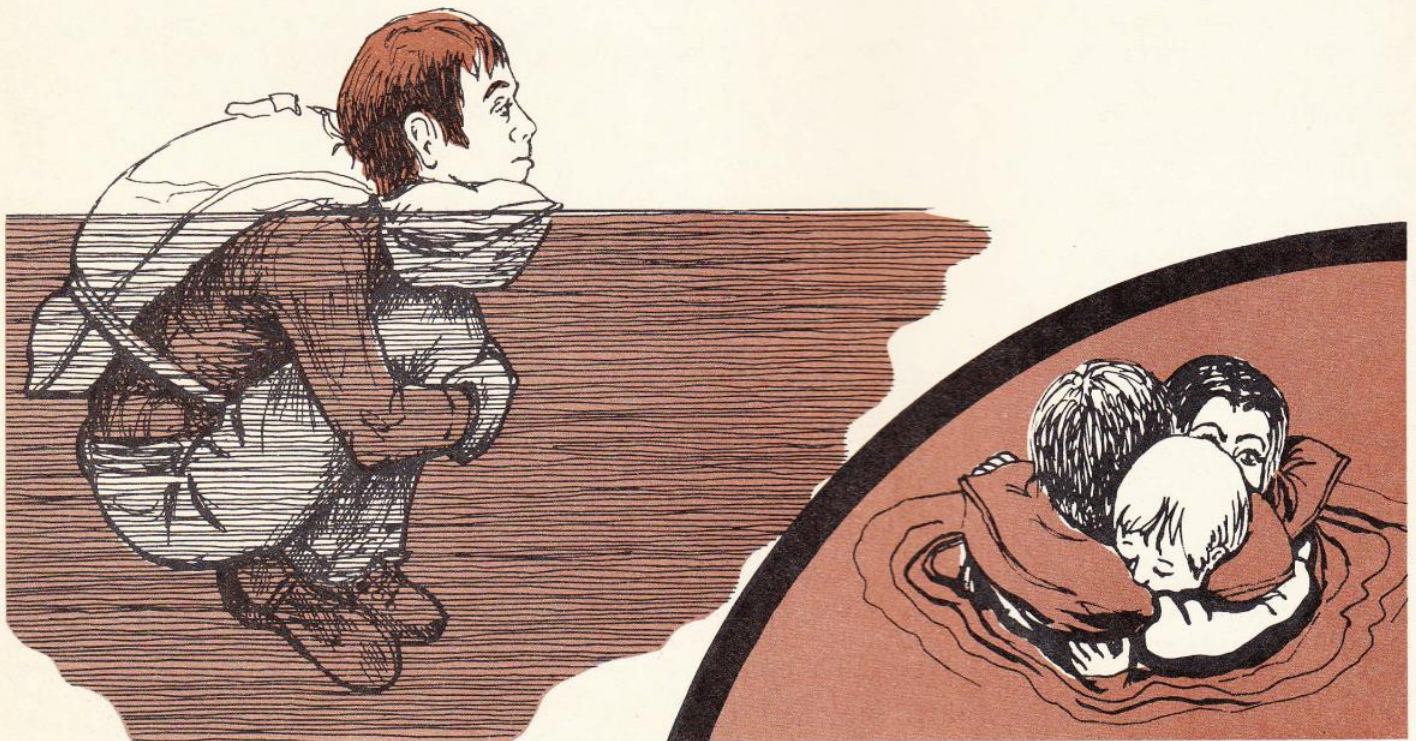
arms across your chest and pressing your upper arms against your sides. Then, draw your legs up to your chest and cross your feet at the ankles. Avoid treading water or swimming. This cold water survival posture is called HELP (Heat Escape Lessening Posture). It is obvious, in order to maintain this position you must be wearing a life jacket.

We found the HELP position difficult to maintain with a large number of life jackets. Some life jackets cause you to roll to your chest or stomach, dunking your head under water (With your head underwater, heat escapes most rapidly from your head into the water, thereby defeating the purpose of HELP). So be certain to test your life vest to determine if it will keep your chest up, face out of the water in the HELP position.

When 2 or more persons are overboard in cold water the HUDDLE technique may be used to lessen heat loss. First, put your life jacket on backwards so you can hug the other person(s). Press your chests, groins and legs inward against each other. Place small children in the middle of the HUDDLE. As the name implies, this looks much

like a football huddle, but more intimate. Try to make as much body contact as possible. Refrain from swimming and treading water.

As mentioned, HELP and HUDDLE may double your survival time in cold water compared to merely treading water. The life saving postures decrease body surface area and protect the groin and abdomen. But effectiveness is reduced by the bobbing action caused by waves. Remember, both systems of survival should be practiced beforehand. Once in an emergency situation, no one will be in the mood for instruction. Also, keep in mind that what you are wearing will increase your survival time in cold water. Certainly, high-tech clothing like polypropylene (or thermolactyl, DAMART; capilene, PATAGONIA) long underwear and vapor barrier clothing, covered by a synthetic pile shell will provide additional protection from heat loss in cold water. On the other hand, any fisherman or hunter worth his salt will have an uncombed, oily, virgin wool outer garment. Now there's an old time remedy that holds in the heat, even when soaking wet.



SNARES

by John Eller

Snares are an excellent way to catch wild game. Almost every woodsman has his favorite method, but here are a few ideas that will get you started. When I was a boy, Dad and I always used hanging snares, and with good success. We caught rabbit and possum with regularity. (You never had possum and baked sweet potatoes? You don't know what you're missing!)

Now, snares should be used only in actual survival emergency situations. They are outlawed in several states and on some federal property.

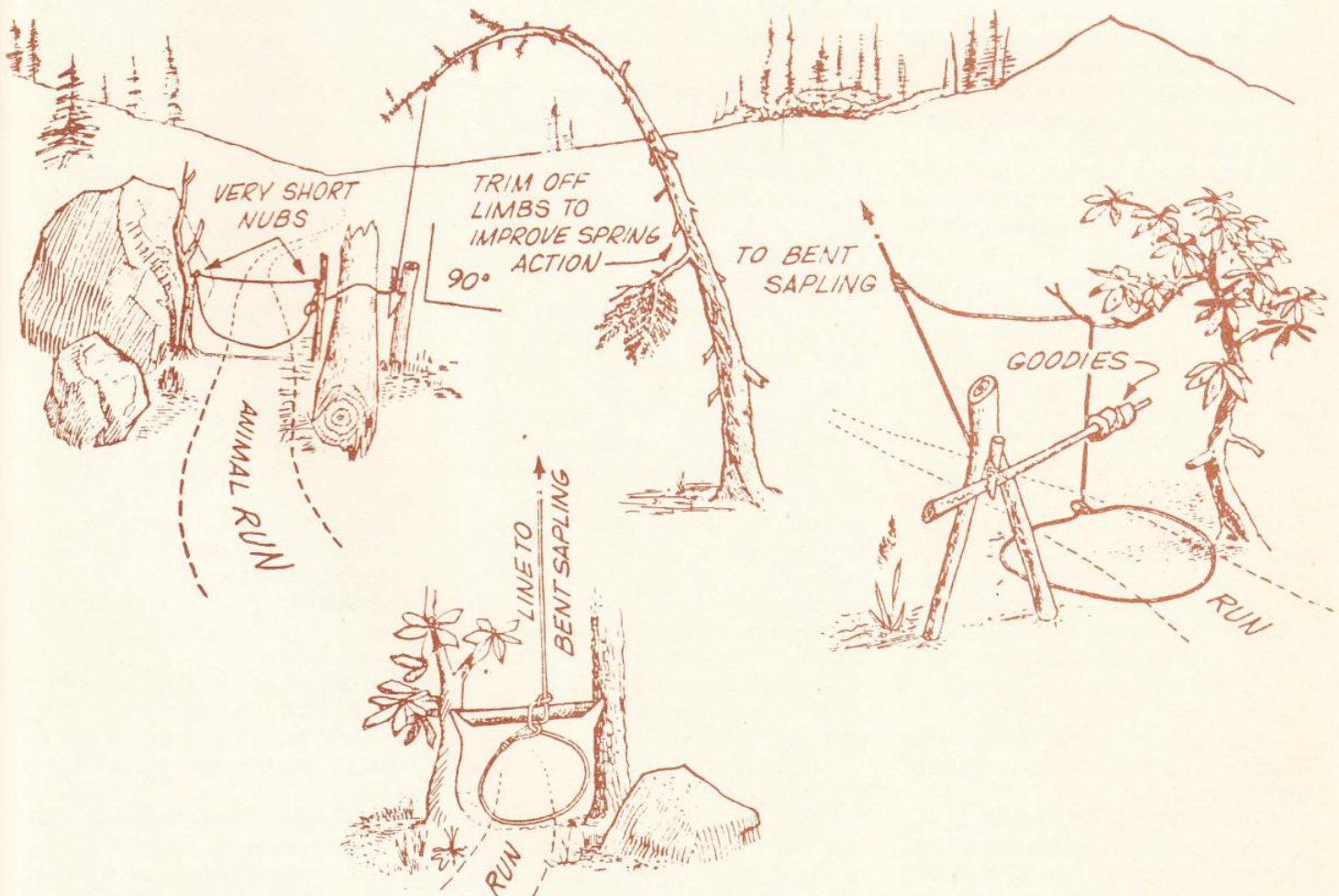
Snares should be set in a runway, but there is no use in setting them unless there are fresh tracks or animal droppings indicating that it is being used.

We always set a snare in a narrow part of the runway, or else would drive dry sticks in a semicircle around the edges of the runway to force the animal to pass into the snare. We sometimes used rocks to narrow the runway.

Your best bait for rabbit snares is wild fruit or succulent roots. For other small animals, bait with whatever you can catch—beetles, grubs, grasshoppers, frogs, snakes, etc.

All snares should be adjusted to hair trigger performance. Fine steel wire makes a good noose because the catch can't chew his way to freedom.

All snares should be checked regularly and disengaged when you are finished with them.



FOUND MONEY

by Rita Puttcamp

Don Hale kept a running check on his own growing. His mother marked his height on the kitchen wall every six months. He was doing well in school. He liked almost everyone he met, and teachers, classmates, and friends liked him.

But Don had a little brother, Davie—and Don was not proud of the way he felt about Davie.

Davie was going on 3 and was *into* everything. Mom had given Don the key to his room and told him to keep it locked when he was away.

The worst happened just before school was out for the summer. Don's social studies report was due in that day. It was worth an "A," for Don had worked hard in it. While Don ate breakfast, Davie gave the report a good crayoning.

Don had been very upset. He wouldn't let Mom call his teacher, but when he tried to explain the mess to his teacher, Don began to cry. He was still sick with self-disgust when he told Mom about it.

"I hate Davie," Don finished vehemently. "I really do." "I know you're upset, Don, but try to see it from Davie's viewpoint. You're his role model, his hero. He wants to do everything you do."

Don got over it, of course. He got an "A" on his report in spite of Davie's art work. Then, Grampa Hale invited him to Highland for the summer, and Mom insisted that he go.

Highland was great. Grampa cooked, Don washed up, and they kept the house tidy *after* Grampa explained, one night as he gathered up newspapers comic books, dirty dishes, apple cores and empty pop cans, "Morning looks a lot better if we pick up and put away as we go along, Don-boy."

Grampa didn't have to tell Don the second time.

Another bad moment came when Don overheard Grampa on the phone with a friend.

"Can't this time, Ed. Got my grandson here. Yeah, sure wish I could, too. It's right up my alley. But not this time."

Grampa saw Don as he hung up and said, "Got that bait ready, Don?"

Don wore his last clean tee shirt three days before Grampa said,

"Ain't that jam stain from yesterday, Don-boy?"

"Day before. I'm out of clean clothes."

"I ain't settin' a fit example for you."

"With laundry?" Don laughed.

"With the young, everything's important. The young are watchin' all the time, watchin' everything," Grampa said.

Don thought, "*I'm not all that young. Davie's young!*"

Grampa dozed off while they fished that afternoon. Don wakened him with a yell, "Grampa, you've got a bite. It's a big one!"

Grampa sat up. "Bring her in, Don-boy. Bring her in."

With Grampa's help, Don played the fish for ten minutes or more before they could safely net it. It was the biggest fish Don had ever caught. They ate fish for supper. Don kept wondering why Grampa hadn't brought in his own fish.

They were in town for groceries, and Don found a quarter.

"Hey, Grampa, look! You walked right over it." Don showed Grampa the coin. The old man grinned.

"Found money's exciting. You know, Don-boy, I got sort of a theory. You can about measure how mature a person is by the amount of found money he can leave for someone else to find."

"Now, a lad like you might leave a penny or a nickel for a littler child to

find. A young man might leave a quarter; an older man maybe a dollar."

"Did he see the quarter and leave it for me to find?" Don wondered. "Did he *drop* it for me to find? What's going on here?"

Don hated to leave Grampa and Highland late in August, but he was eager to get home, too.

Davie had changed a lot. Don was happy to play with Davie. He even took the small boy along on errands.

They were returning from the grocery one afternoon. Davie was lugging his own little sack of groceries and feeling grown up.

Don saw the wink of a silver coin on the sidewalk.

"Wow!" he thought. "*Found money!*"

Before he could pick up the coin, he remembered another coin, another companion.

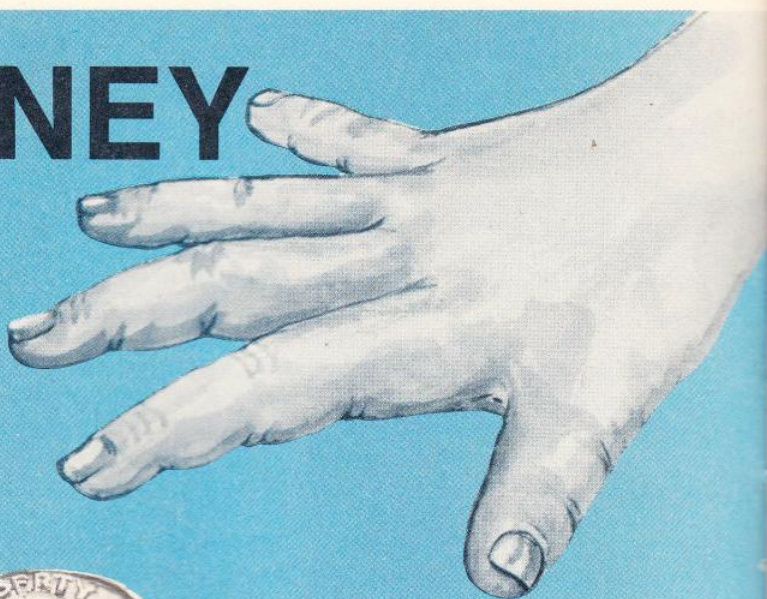
"Hey, Davie, look!" Don said.

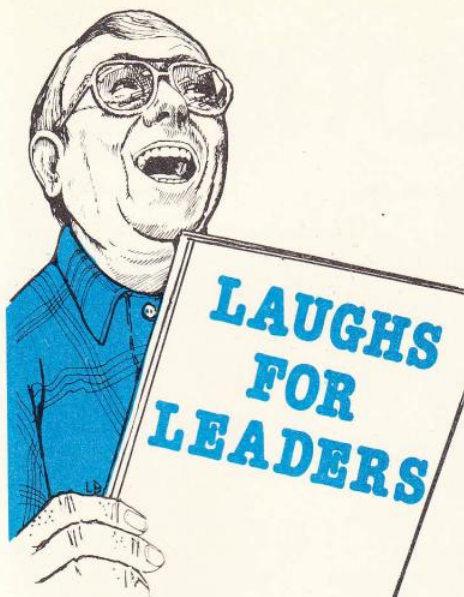
"Monee," cried Davie, going nuts. "I find monee. I find monee."

Don laughed at Davie's excitement, but he had a queer happy feeling of his own.

You can about measure how mature a person is by that amount of found money he can leave for someone else to find. A young man might leave a quarter . . .

I guess I really like being Davie's role model, Don thought. Davie is a good little kid. I have to put up with a lot, but Grampa sure had to put up with a lot with me, too.

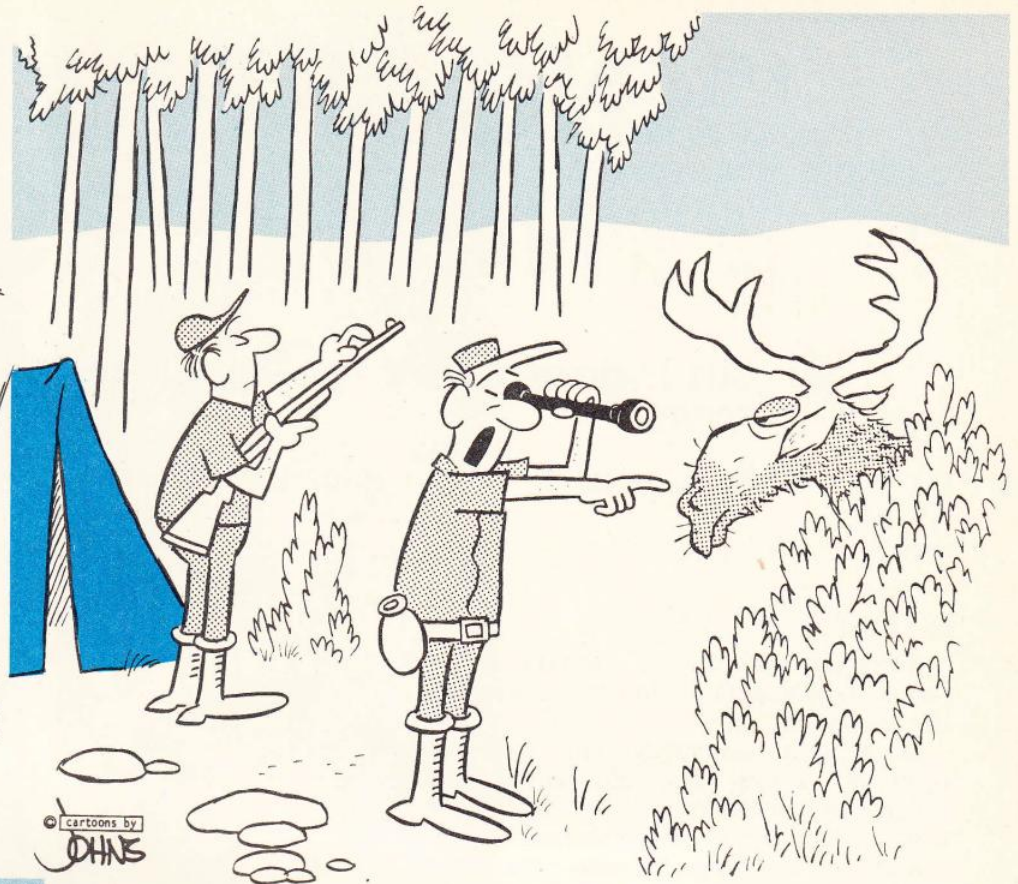




Ranger Commander: "Now, if you stood with your back to the north and your face to the south, what would be on your left hand?"

Ranger: "Fingers."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



"THIS IS A GREAT SCOPE! YOU SHOULD SEE THE MOOSE ON YONDER RIDGE!"



"DUDLEY, DUE TO THE UNSTABLE WORLD SITUATION, I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY PLACE AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION THIS YEAR"

Cowhand: "Aren't you putting your saddle on backward, sir?"

Dude: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I'm going."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

"No, we haven't had any for a long time," the store clerk said to the customer.

Overhearing the remark, the manager quickly interrupted, "Oh yes, we have it, madam. I'll send out to the storeroom and have some brought out right away." In a whisper to the clerk he said, "Never refuse anything. Send out for it."

As the lady burst out laughing and left, the manager asked, "What did she say?"

"She commented we haven't had any rain lately."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT

As the young boy said as he pedalled his bicycle across the cobblestone street: "Well, lll, ll cccertainly nnnever cccome ttthis www aaagain."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

"KNOCKING OUT NUMBERS"

An indoor game for Royal Rangers meetings

by Roy Tay, Singapore

Everybody sits in a circle. Each represents a number (1 to the total number of players).

On a signal, everybody starts together by clapping twice, followed by the snapping of fingers twice, the right fingers first and then the left fingers.

At the first finger snap the caller calls his own number, and at the second finger snap the number of a person down the line.

The number being called responds by taking over the calling using his own number and another until someone loses the rhythm.

The rhythm moves from a moderate beat to a faster tempo and then picks up speed as it is carried on. Everybody is highly excited and has to maintain mental sharpness. Their number may be called next by anybody. To eliminate a number, usually a couple of numbers gang-up to call upon the unfortunate victim's number again and again. Having to pit wits and sharpness against five or six aggressors, it is usually a matter of time before the victim fumbles and, in failing to keep up with the rhythm, is knocked out of the game.

From here, the game grows more exciting, because the "dead" number may not be called on.

Through natural, or unnatural elimination, one number after another is taken out of the game. One has to be sharp to respond to the call of one's number, and also to remember not to call upon the dead numbers. Calling a dead number also eliminates one from the game. Usually three chances are given to those who commit mistakes before they are dropped out of the game.



CAMPORAMA '86

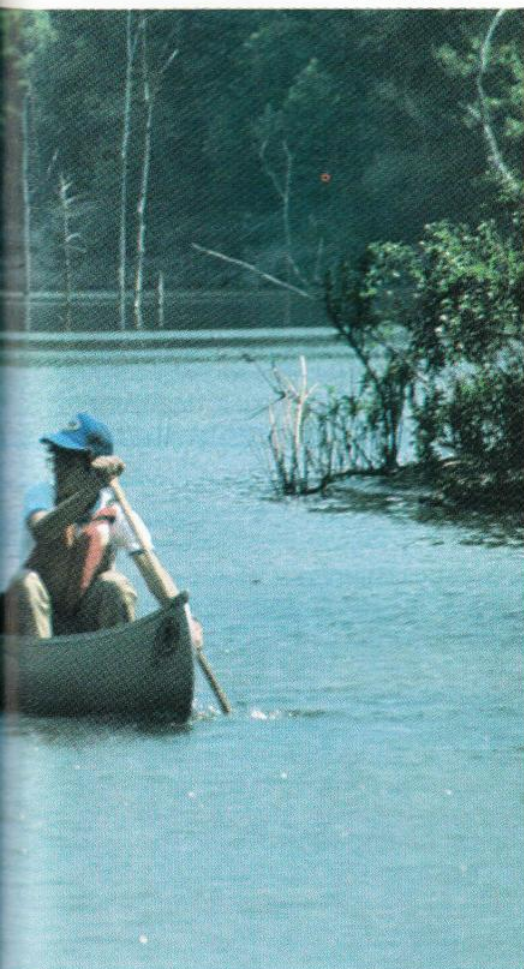
1. Welcome by Missouri Governor John Ashcroft
2. Dedication ceremony for the Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge
3. Team effort in the skills competition
4. Sittin' and whittlin'
5. Canoeing on Cedar Creek
6. Overview of the campsites



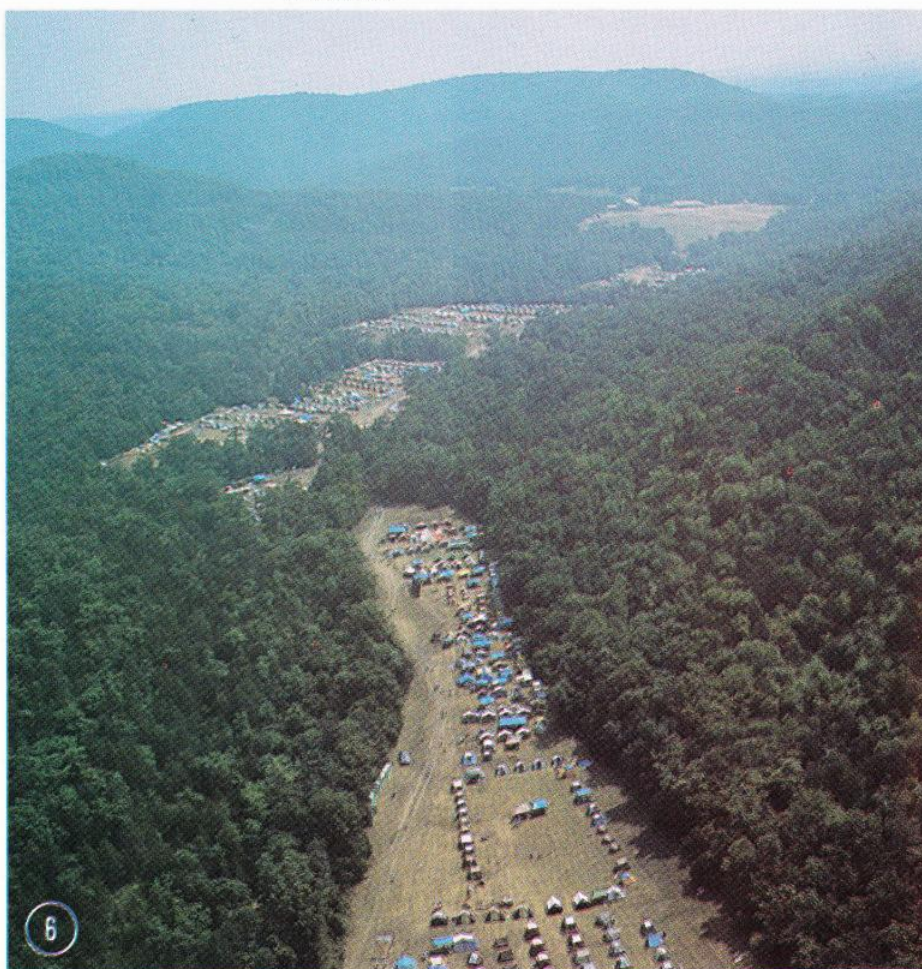
Ernie Lawrence



James P. Allen



Ralph Allen



Carl Crackel

FOCUS ON THE BOY

Royal Rangers National Camporama

by John Eller

One aspect of the 1986 Royal Rangers National Camporama which stands out in review is the *focus on the boy!*

Within the natural setting of the all-new National Royal Rangers Training Center at Eagle Rock, Missouri, this literal boys' paradise came alive with some 3,000 men and boys camped in Ozark Mountain Country the week of July 22-26.

Boys were everywhere, setting up campsites, hiking along nature trails, and exploring the great outdoors. This wildlife habitat afforded numerous sightings of deer and wild turkey in the meadows and thickly wooded forests.

There was a sense of history in the air as the boys visited the 30 stations along Heritage Trail and watched some 50-60 demonstrations in the largest FCF Village ever. Our Pioneer American Heritage became a reality once more with sights and sounds the boys will never forget.

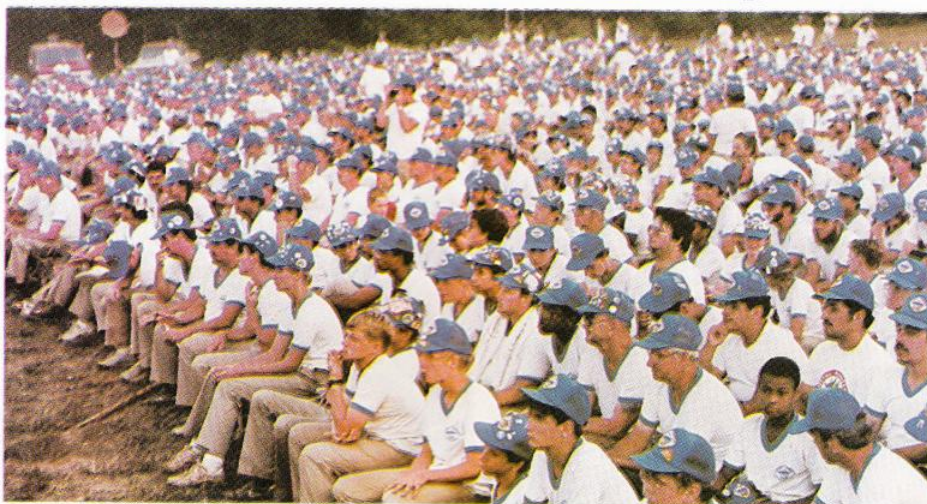
The Camporama opened with greetings and a special appearance by the honorable John Ashcroft, Governor of Missouri. The governor is a native of southwest Missouri and encouraged everyone to "feel at home".

Ashcroft told the boys they were the America of the future, with a God-given freedom they should respect and protect. The greatest freedom, he said, was spiritual freedom, and one we should pursue diligently.

Wednesday morning found thousands of boys in their blue Camporama caps and khaki uniforms marching in review to the flag raising and dedication of the new Commander Johnnie Barnes Lodge.

The lodge dedication was a very historic moment for the boys. They gave rousing approval to the occasion as it also kicked off the 25th anniversary celebration of the Royal Rangers ministry. This theme will be seen emerging in regional, district, sectional and even local emphasis between now and the 1987 General Council in Oklahoma City.

The evening sessions were punctuated with the continuing saga of "Ramblin' Robb". This was actually a three-act play in which Robb was in and out of trouble in his search for fun



and adventure. The hills resounded with the theme song composed by Mark Gentry.

The speaker Wednesday evening was our National Commander, Johnnie Barnes, who took a text from 1 Samuel 24:14.

Barnes then said many young men today are seeking after things that keep them from serving God.

The National Commander then related the moving story of Machinegun Kelley, a notorious underworld figure in the Al Capone era. He showed how a life of sin was a life thrown away, but a life lived for God last through eternity.

Barnes challenged the boys to find a sense of fulfillment in following Jesus. Some 330 responded to the invitation to commit their lives to Christ.

The Camporama was host to Royal Rangers leaders from around the world, as nine different countries were represented. Many nations sent their own National Commanders to participate in the event. Each was asked to bring greetings during the evening sessions.

The National Commander from Great Britain, Emmet Burnett, came in Royal Rangers uniform accented by the Scottish kilt. Commander Burnett said this ministry was the answer to the problems in Ireland.

Fred Deaver spoke on Thursday evening and described his message as a "Father-Son Chat". Fred warned the boys against disturbing their delicate body chemistry with drugs and alcohol. He also spoke of the dangers of pornography and the general attractions of the world.

The speaker Friday evening was Mark Gentry who styled his message to the "desperate ones". He related the story of Cherokee Bill, the outlaw

who people said had no heart. Bill was hung years ago in Ft. Smith, Arkansas, for killing more than a dozen people in cold blood.

Final ceremonies included presentation of trophies for outstanding performance at the Camporama in three separate divisions: archway, campcraft, and district spirit.

The archway winners were: First place, Pacific Latin American, Freddie Espinoza, District Commander; Second place, Wisconsin-Northern Michigan, Douglas Hinthner, District Commander; Third place, Southern Missouri, Jerry Millhouser, District Commander.

The campcraft winners were: First place, Illinois, Gary Ephraim, District Commander; Second place, Michigan, Mark Davis, District Commander; Third place, Pennsylvania-Delaware, Joe Finan, District Commander.

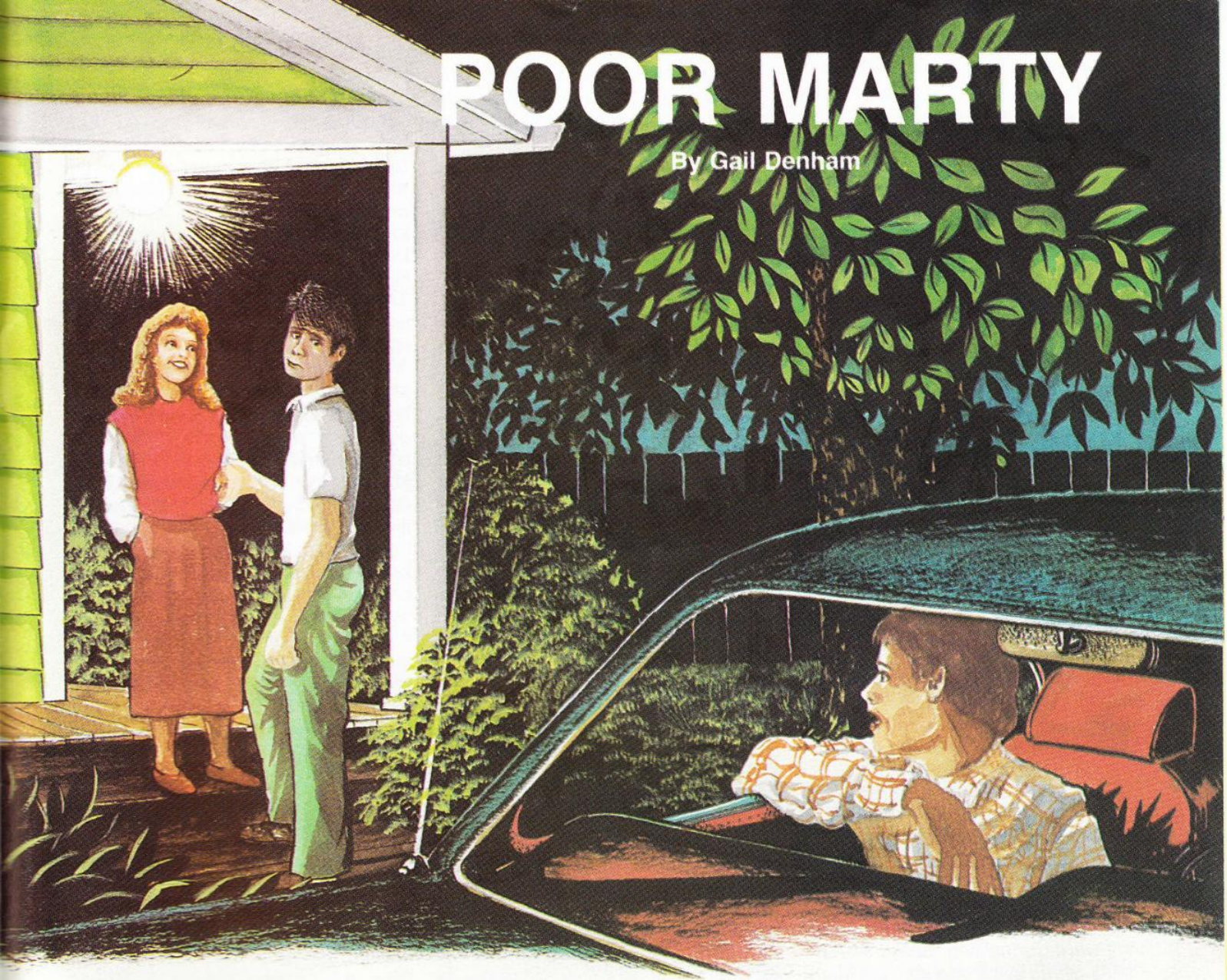
The district spirit was an overall achievement, and the winners were: First Place, Illinois; Second place, Wisconsin-Northern Michigan; and Third place, Ohio, Joe Jones, District Commander.

There was a daily Camporama newspaper called "The Eagle Eye", edited by John Eller. News included clues to the Hidden Treasure, caches of 25 silver dollars, buried at various points on the grounds. Those who found them could keep them.

But the most important treasure at the Camporama was that contained in the earthen, human vessels known as boys. None left as they came for the impact of the 1986 Royal Rangers Camporama will be felt for years to come as this ministry continues to focus on the boy to reach, teach and keep him for Jesus Christ.

POOR MARTY

By Gail Denham



Bruce sat waiting for his name to be called. What was taking the coach so long?

There, at last. Coach Rollins was calling his name. Straightening his wide shoulders, Bruce stood up and walked to the front, trying not to look too proud.

"Bruce Thomas, Athlete of the Year. Congratulations." Coach Rollins gripped his hand and shook it vigorously.

"Thank you," Bruce said. Turning to head back to his seat in the school auditorium, Bruce knew he was grinning like an idiot—but so what? He had worked his legs off to get this award. Riverview High had the best season ever in cross country, and Bruce was glad he'd made it to lead runner by mid-season.

Of course it had meant sacrifices. He'd run every morning and evening all year. He'd pushed to improve his time by about four minutes from last

year. Plus he'd had to keep up his grades.

But it had been worth it. With this kind of record, he was sure to get a scholarship to State by the end of his senior year, a year from next June.

"Nice going, Bruce." Marty Simmons reached out his hand as Bruce stepped over him to get to his seat.

"Thanks." Bruce tried to sound warm and friendly, but he didn't want to encourage the kid. Poor Marty. Non-athletic, skinny, big ears, and barely pulling a "C" in most of his sophomore classes.

Bruce shook his head. Poor Marty nothing! More like poor Bruce. For the last few months it seemed like Marty had adopted Bruce. Everywhere he went, Marty showed up. They went to the same church and Marty managed to sit with him at Sunday School, in the youth meetings, and even on the ski bus. Bruce had tried every way he could

think of to ditch Marty.

Sometimes he'd tell his mom he couldn't come to the phone—but his mom would go the honest route with something like, "Bruce is busy right now, Marty, but I'll make sure he returns your call," and so he'd have to call.

He begged some of his friends to let him off the hook by inviting Marty over or asking him to participate in other groups. "Are you kidding?" they said. "He's a walking disaster. Besides almost breaking his leg on the beginner's ski slope a few weeks ago, don't you remember how he managed to get locked in the men's restroom at the lodge. Took two hours to get him out. You take care of him, Bruce. He needs a keeper."

Some evenings Marty came by Bruce's house at dinner and stayed till bedtime. Bruce's mom would finally ask him to bug off. Well, she didn't put it

that way exactly because his mom really liked poor Marty.

"Marty looks up to you, Bruce," she'd say. "Take a little time with him. Show him someone cares. He'll grow out of his little problems.

"Remember what Pastor Crandall talked about last Sunday," she went on. "The Lord wants us to encourage other believers, to help them learn how to live the Christian life. Marty hasn't been a Christian long. Maybe you're the one God has planned to help him."

So Bruce did his best. He tried to be patient, but then something would come up and he'd blow his stack at the kid's dumbness.

"Why don't you go out for sports?" Bruce asked Marty. "If for nothing else, just for exercise. Look at you—pale as mashed potatoes."

Marty cringed. "I'm not much good at anything like that. My body doesn't go where my mind tells it to. Look at the way I goofed it up skiing."

Bruce did feel sorry for the poor kid. "Maybe a little jogging then," he said. "That's pretty easy."

The next week at church, however, all his good intentions for rescuing Marty from his own ineptness dissolved when Marty messed up the skit their group was giving.

No one picked Marty for a team and their leader, Mr. Dawson, assigned him to . . . what else? Bruce's group.

They were supposed to do a pantomime of the story of the Tower of Babel, but Marty couldn't remember not to talk. He was the original babbler. So they were disqualified. Bruce and the others glared at the offender, but Marty looked so down Bruce ended up comforting him. "It's OK, Marty. Pantomime is hard to catch on to. Next time, huh?"

Occasionally Marty came over when Bruce was having his quiet time and started asking questions. More than once, Bruce spent his whole half hour explaining something about the Christian life. The guy was like a sponge—soaked up everything a person said. If only he remembered half the stuff he heard, he might get his act together.

But last Friday night, when Marty crashed his date with Nancy, was the last straw. Bruce had never been so bummed.

Bruce had gotten up nerve to ask Nancy Grammer, the nicest girl in the whole county, to go skating with him, and what does Marty do but show up at the rink and practically insist on a ride home.

Then since Nancy's house was be-

fore Marty's stop, and since Bruce barely had enough gas to get from the rink home, Bruce had to say goodnight at Nancy's door with Marty peering at them out the car window.

Poor Marty my foot! It was time to take action to help poor Bruce. "*I've got to come right out and tell him to find other friends,*" Bruce told himself that night as he got ready for the sports meeting. "*The sooner the better.*"

Then as Bruce was walking toward the door after the ceremony, he saw Marty. He glanced down the hall—hoping one of the side doors would be open. No luck. Too late anyway, Marty had seen him.

"Hi Bruce," Marty said. "How about a ride home, since you go by my place?"

**Bruce had tried
every way he
could think of to
ditch Marty.**

"OK," Bruce said. "*Well, guess it's sooner than later,*" he thought.

"Wow, Bruce, I was so proud of you walking up to get that award," Marty said excitedly as they got into the car.

Bruce shuddered. This was going to be harder than he thought. What was a nice way to discourage a guy who did nothing but sing your praises?

"I mean, what a great testimony to have you, an outstanding Christian athlete, take the top school award for

excellence. What an honor.

"It sure makes me want to do better myself," Marty went on. "Not only in school work—I'm working on that, but . . . hey, Bruce, did I tell you I'm running a half hour every day. And I'm really concentrating on my Bible study and prayer life now too. I want my life to count for God just like yours does. I want people to see Jesus in my life like they do in yours.

"I'm sure talking a lot, Marty said laughing. "Anyway I want to thank you for being my friend."

Bruce felt like he'd swallowed a wad of chewing gum. He didn't remember helping Marty all that much. Sure he'd given him a few health and fitness pointers and coached him in math. Maybe he had shared about what Jesus Christ was doing in his life. But it all didn't seem like much.

Bruce was glad the car was dark inside. He felt embarrassed. He remembered the speech he was going to give Marty—how since he was older and they were opposites, Marty should find friends closer to his age. Maybe he could wait awhile for that talk.

This must be what Pastor Crandall had meant by discipling. Maybe those hours spent with Marty weren't wasted. Looked like the kid was shaping up.

He was even running every day. Maybe he could go out for cross country next fall.

Bruce turned to face the younger boy. "So, you're running every day. Great! What's your best time? Hey, you're not running in those grungie old tennies, are you? You'll ruin your feet. How about going out for J.V. next year?" Bruce stopped for breath.

"I'd like that," Marty said, "if you think I can do it."

"Sure you can," Bruce said. "It'll be good discipline."

"*Besides,*" Bruce thought, "*if Marty is on the team, he'll make some other friends.*"

Bruce started whistling. "*Marty isn't such a bad kid,*" he thought, on the way home. "*Once he gets off greasy food, stops eating cinnamon rolls for breakfast and gets some meat on his bones.*"

It would be OK having Marty on the team. That would make three Christians he knew of—and four of the church group were in football. They could start a Christian Athlete's group.

Bruce felt good. Somehow he knew that even if Marty never made the top team or set any records, they were going to be seeing lots of changes in poor Marty.

RIGHT ON TIME

by Betty Lou Mell

Robert and his little brother Adam went Christmas shopping. They saw the store displays, heard Christmas carols, and walked past a church with a nativity scene in front of it. Still, it didn't seem like Christmas to them. As they walked home through the snow, the sky grew darker and streetlights came on. By the time they reached their street, all the houses were lit with Christmas lights—all except theirs. It was dark.

When the boys got home, Robert helped Adam pull off his boots. Once inside, he helped Adam out of his coat. Suddenly, there was a knock at the front door.

"Who's that?" Adam asked with wide eyes.

"You think I have X-ray vision?" Robert said, laughing.

Robert flicked on the porch light, pushed the curtains aside, and looked through the glass. "Mrs. Hanley," he whispered over his shoulder. Then he opened the door. "Would you like to come in?" he asked.

No, thank you, Robert," she answered smiling. "I just came to give you some Christmas cookies and to inquire about your mother."

Robert took the box she offered. "Thank you. Mom's doing fine, but Dad's still at the hospital."

Yes, I know," she said kindly. "I see him going every evening. And it's such a long drive too. Do they know if your mother will be home for Christmas?"

"We hope she will be," Robert answered. "But it's hard to say."

"Well, I pray for her, and if there's anything I can do, tell your father I'll be happy to help," Mrs. Hanley offered. "You're good neighbors."

Mrs. Hanley waved as she stepped off the porch.

"Why did she give us cookies?" Adam asked.

"Just to be nice," Robert said.

Adam was fast asleep when Robert heard Dad's car pull into the driveway. As the front door opened and closed, Robert started downstairs. Through the railings, he saw his dad sitting on the couch, just staring. He still had his coat on and, in the light of the lamp, he looked very tired. As Robert sat on the footstool, his dad smiled at him.

Finally, Dad unbuttoned his coat and



stood to remove it. "Did you take Adam shopping?" he asked.

"Yeah," Robert said, nodding. "He spent all his money."

Dad smiled, then slung his coat over the couch.

"Mrs. Hanley brought over some cookies," Robert said.

"That was nice of her."

"Dad, do you think Mom will be home for Christmas?"

"I don't know, Son," Dad said. "I'm almost afraid to ask. If she gets her hopes up, and then . . ."

"Yeah, like at Thanksgiving."

"Yes, that was an awful letdown," Dad agreed, nodding.

Robert yawned. "Well, I'm going to bed. You should too," he suggested.

"I will, Son," Dad said. "And thank you."

What for?"

"For watching out for Adam and helping so much. You've been a big help."

"That's okay, Dad."

Robert crawled into bed and stared at the ceiling. He thought of other Christmases when everyone was laughing and happy. Now the house seemed empty and hollow. This year Christmas was coming at the wrong time.

Just two days before Christmas, Dad came home from work a little late and tooted the car horn. Adam ran to the window. "A Christmas tree!" he shouted.

Robert grinned, grabbed his jacket, yanked on his boots and helped Dad unload it. "Oh, boy, Dad!" Robert said happily. "I was beginning to think we weren't having one this year."

Dad grinned too. "No matter what, Christ's birth is a time for celebration."

Robert nodded. When they got the tree into the house, they put it into the stand and began turning it to see which was the best side.

"It has to thaw," Dad said. "Tomorrow, we'll trim it."

"But that's Christmas Eve!" Adam wailed. "Can't we trim it tonight?!"

"The tree has to warm up," Dad explained. "And I'm going to the hospital tonight."

"Boy!" Adam said, frowning. "All the neighbors have their trees trimmed! It doesn't seem like Christmas at all around here!" He turned and pounded up the stairs to his room.

"He doesn't understand," Dad said quietly.

"He'll be okay," Robert said. "We'll play some games and I'll talk to him."

Dad nodded and glanced at his watch. "I have to go," he said.

The next day as soon as Dad left for work, Robert took Adam to the attic. "We'll get the decorations down," he explained. "But you should remember decorations aren't all there is to Christmas—or gifts either. Christmas is a time for loving and for accepting God's greatest gift—Jesus Christ."

I know," Adam said. "But it will just

seem more like Christmas once we get the tree trimmed, won't it?"

"Yeah," Robert said, nodding. "At least, it will help."

Robert cut some low branches off the tree as Dad usually did and put them on the mantel. Then they trimmed the tree. As Adam was setting up the nativity scene on the hall table, the phone rang.

"Hello—I mean, Merry Christmas!" Robert said.

"Merry Christmas to you, Son," Dad said, laughing. "How's it going?"

"Fine, Dad, just fine."

"Good. I called to tell you I'm working till noon today, then I'm going to visit your mother. As soon as I get home, we'll trim the tree. Okay?"

Robert winked at Adam. "Sure, Dad. Give Mom our love and tell her we'll come with you to see her tomorrow."

"I will, Son. Good-bye."

"Dad will be home late, Adam, so we have time," Robert said, grinning.

"Time for what?" Adam asked.

"To finish putting lights in the windows and the manger in the yard."

"With Baby Jesus?" Adam asked.

"Sure, of course," Robert said, nodding. "Then we'll decorate the pine tree, hang a wreath—and I have an idea. Come on, we have to make it cheery for Dad."

"What's your idea?" Adam asked impatiently.

"You'll see," Robert replied.

Adam and Robert worked all afternoon. Soon the sky got darker and snowflakes began falling again. The trees glistened with ice, and the yard was covered with a blanket of snow. Soon the neighbors turned on their Christmas lights. They twinkled on the snow as if announcing Christ's birth.

"Will Dad be cheered up?" Adam asked.

"I hope so," Robert replied. "He misses Mom something awful."

"So do I," Adam said with a sigh.

"Yeah, I know," Robert replied.

Just then Dad's car pulled into the driveway. Adam turned on the lights and Robert pressed the 'on' button of the stereo. "Silent Night" filled not only the house but the yard as well.

"Those old speakers work," Adam said, smiling. "Your surprise idea was great! Do you think Dad will care that you put the speakers out on the porch?"

"I don't think so," Robert said. "He'll like sharing our carols."

Robert and Adam watched Dad's car

GEARING UP YOUR PATROL

by Daniel Lawrence

Your outpost is really like a finely tuned automobile engine. Everyone has a job to do, and when everyone's working the outpost runs smoothly. If someone doesn't do their job, the outpost gets out of rhythm and doesn't get much done.

The Outpost Council gets things going. Made up of three to five men from your church, the Outpost Council takes care of the business side of things. They select the commander(s) and assistants, set up the meeting rooms and times, establish the outpost budget and provide for funds, pay the bills and provide backup manpower for outpost activities. In some outposts the Council may also have other duties.

The Outpost Commander, along with his assistant commanders, runs your outpost program. These men lead you down the Ranger trail. They set up the meeting plans, campouts and other activities, as well as teach and test you on the advancement trail. It is a tough job.

Working with the Outpost Commander is the Senior Guide. His job varies from outpost to outpost. In some groups he will keep the role book and collect the dues, helping the commander in any way necessary.

The Patrol Guides come next—your patrol's guide and his fellow guides. The guides and their assistants are responsible for their own patrols. In many outposts the guides will plan patrol meetings: times when the patrol members get together and work on outpost projects and activities. Your guide is somebody who's been around a while and knows the ropes. He'll help you

learn to be the best Ranger that you can be.

Which is where you, as a patrol member, come in. Have you ever seen an engine running? It's complicated, and depends on each of the parts doing their jobs. When one of them gets out of rhythm, the whole engine becomes useless. And your outpost works the same way. Your Outpost Council runs the business end. The Commander and his assistants take care of the program and activities. The Senior Guides and Patrol Guides pitch in and help—each in their own ways.

And then there's you—the patrol member. It may not seem like you're able to help much, but you do. Without you and your input, the patrol and outpost can't function like it should. Most patrols assign their members different jobs. One Ranger plans menus and does most of the patrol cooking and buying—he's the cook or grubmaster. Another is in charge of patrol equipment, the quartermaster. One of the patrol members keeps a history of the patrol. Then there's usually an assistant each for the cook and quartermaster. Of course there's also the guide and his assistant to round out the list.

But you also contribute by attendance and cooperation in outpost meetings. And this is where you can help your Senior Guide the most. If you took the valve cover off of an engine, or the starter out, or distributor cap, the engine would not run. It needs everything to work. So does your outpost. They need you at every meeting and activity, working, putting in your ideas, cooperating to the fullest, or the outpost won't work.

from behind the curtain. At first, they thought he wasn't coming in. Then he opened the door and got out, went around the car, and opened the other door. Carefully, he helped someone out of the car.

Adam grabbed Robert's arm. "It's Mom!" he whispered. "Mom's home!"

Adam raced out of the house with Robert right behind him. Robert wondered if this was all a dream. He almost felt dizzy!

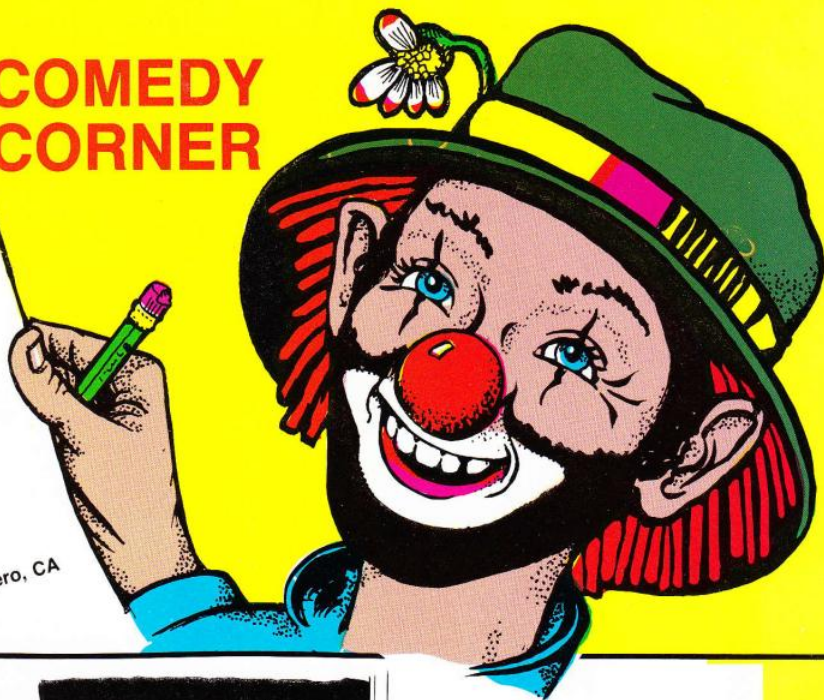
Mother hugged Adam, then looked up and held out her arms to Robert. Christmas hadn't come at the wrong time after all. It was right on time!

Seen on a road sign:

"If this sign is
under water,
the road is
impassable"

Warren Bebout, Atascadero, CA

COMEDY CORNER



"WHERE'D YOU GET THAT DUCK CALL?"

Teacher: "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Student: "The price."
Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA

A tourist stopped his car on the road and asked a small country boy how far it was to Smithville. The little boy replied: It's 24,996 miles the way you're going, but if you turn around it ain't but four."

Joseph Lozanoff
Johnstown, PA

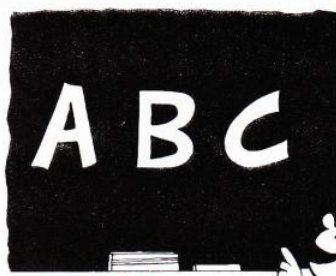
Teacher: "You know that heat causes an object to expand and cold causes it to contract. Now can you give me a good example?"

Pupil: "Well, in the summer the days are long and in the winter they're short."

Henry E. Leabo
Tehachapi, CA



"SIR, WE'VE DEVELOPED THIS FANTASTIC NEW GLUE... BUT WE CAN'T GET IT OUT OF THE CONTAINER."

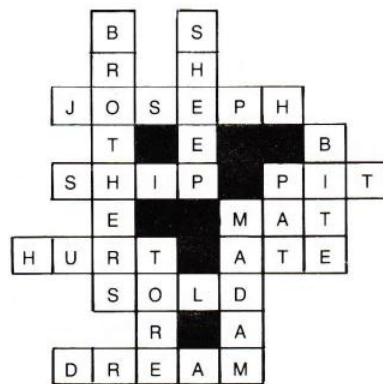


"THAT'S THE LETTER 'C' AS IN COWPOKE, COLT, CARTRIDGE, COMANCHE"

"Waiter, I ordered an egg sandwich, and you brought me a chicken sandwich," the diner complained.

"Sorry, sir. I was a little late placing your order."

John A. Johnston
Manchester, CT



ANSWER TO PUZZLE
ON PAGE SIX



GOD'S GLORIOUS GIFTS

by Muriel Larson

It was 5 a.m. Christmas morning. In the darkness my brother and I crept down the stairs that led into the living room. Would the presents we hoped for be piled under the tree? Would our stockings be filled with goodies?

The light went on, and our parents came to join us, to experience the pleasure of hearing our happy exclamations of surprise and joy. They turned the Christmas tree lights on, and the warm glow of many colors fell upon our happy faces as we dumped our stockings and popped sweets into our mouths.

Thus many of us have first come to think of Christmas not only as the birth of our Savior, but as a joyful time of giving and receiving gifts.

The birth of Jesus Christ was the first such joyful time. And *Jesus Christ*, God's Son, was the greatest gift the world has ever known. The Apostle Paul wrote, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift" (2 Corinthians 9:15). How can the value of that glorious gift ever be measured?

Along with Jesus, God gave those who would receive His Son many other glorious gifts. John 3:16 tells of two of

them: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." That *everlasting life* stands out as a glorious gift.

The other gift mentioned here is *love*. Yes, God gave us His unconditional love when He sent His Son to die for our sins! When we receive His Son as our Savior, He fills our hearts with love for himself and for others, too. Jesus said that everyone would know we were His followers by the love we have for one another (see John 13:35).

God gave us *peace* also. At Christ's birth the angels declared, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased" (Luke 2:14, NAS).

Jesus gave His followers peace: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27).

When we receive Jesus as our Savior, we suddenly have peace with God, for our sins have been forgiven. As we begin to follow Jesus and live in love with others, we find we have more peace with our fellowman also. And we have in our hearts God's "peace that

passeth all understanding" as we learn to trust the Lord with everything in our lives.

Sometimes we may lose that peace by grieving the Holy Spirit by the way we act or speak. We can gain it back by putting away from ourselves all bitterness, anger, and evil speaking, and by forgiving everyone and being kind to others (see Ephesians 4:22-32).

Joy is another glorious gift from God. The angels declared at Christ's birth that they brought "tidings of great joy" for all people (Luke 2:10). And before Jesus went to the cross, He told His followers He was giving them His joy that would remain in them.

Usually when we truly accept Jesus Christ as our Savior, we also are aware of experiencing His love, peace, and joy, as He lifts the burden of sin. Have you received the greatest gift that man has ever known: God's Son, Jesus Christ? If not, why not make this a Christmas you will never forget—full of Jesus, love, peace, and joy—by repenting of sin and asking Christ into your heart?

John 1:12 says, "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."